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A CALIFORNIA LOAN EXHIBITION.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

IT is doubtful whether, in an era of established and protected loan exhibitions, such feuds as that of Orsini and Colonna would have been entirely practicable. Guelf saucers end by upholding Ghibellin cups; York and Lancaster meet in a trophy; Bourbon vases rest loyally in the chimney shelves of Orleans.

Even Juliet, in the costume committee of Verona, neglecting neither side of the Adige in her search for headgear and gold embroidery, would have gone fearlessly through the Montague doorway, begging to inspect the ancestral *armoires;* while Romeo, representing armor and metal work, might have eventually been found studying, without a mask, the Capulet sword-blades and dagger-hilts, and so Mercutio's wound been spared us and his plague on both their houses uninvoked.

Taking into account that length of days which makes up life, as distinguished from youth, collecting may perhaps rank with the grandest passions of mankind.

The power of attraction undoubtedly exerted by exhibitions of such collecting may be explainable by science as the stored-up magnetism of successive ownerships, if magnetism, like electricity can be so stored. They are pervaded by a subtle personality, which, even to the first comer in the early morning, makes of them a *salon* and not a museum.

Both living and dead selves may ensconce themselves in bronze; memories and associations not entered in the catalogue hang themselves on the line with pictures, mount upon the pedestals of statues, and make interleaved editions of loaned books. About collected pipes and etchings still lingers the aroma of cigars and discussions which went out together; laces and combs, girdles and bracelets, still bear Barbara Allen's refusal and Dorothy Q.'s consent. During the Philadelphia Exhibition, New York inaugurated the idea of loan collections of modern paintings, supplementary to it—an exhibition so startling and fine that visitors have declared the fair, supplementary to these loans.

Again, later, and growing out of the associations of 1876, she collected at the Academy of Design and Metropolitan Museum what the Nation designated as "works of art and curiosity," all these exhibitions meeting with enthusiastic as well as critical recognition.

Following the fashion of one cosmopolis, might it not prove advantageous for other states to institute a series of such loan exhibitions as might illustrate individual state history or tradition, making such exhibits *precede* the World's Fair at Chicago instead of following it?

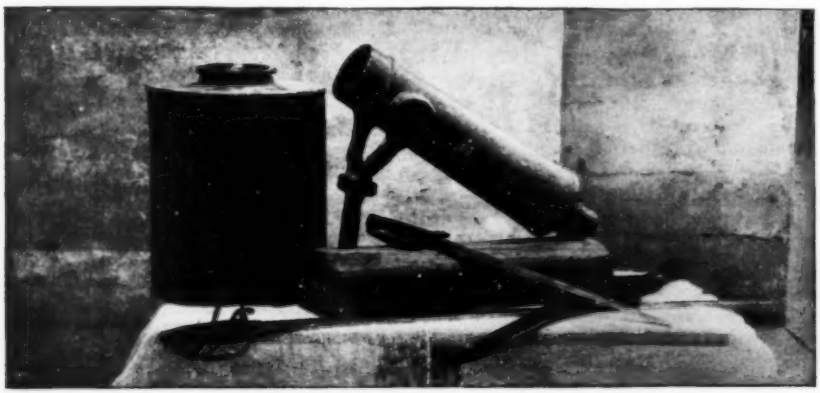
Whatever of good result such investigation accomplished could be

submitted in part or as a whole to the Commissioners for possible acceptance, and anything of real value would inevitably meet recognition. To be very ambitious, what could be more interesting than such state loan collections, themselves in turn, sifted, collected and at the service of student and historian, with only one life to live and the records of forty-four varieties of Americans to crowd into it?

Still, to be ambitious, could those states in particular, which in any measure represent or have represented the New England, New France and New Spain, whose unforeseen combination resulted in nothing short of a New World, unite in such a Loan Exhibition, would there not result a thousand charming coincidences of costume, legislation, manufacture and modes of thought? Documents, records, laws, maps, portraits and miniatures, arms, rings, seals and swords would make the state archives for six months national ones.

Besides, in an International Fair, direct appeal might be made to London, Paris and Madrid, with many chances of success. It is even possible that International Loan Exhibitions, pure and simple of objects of art and international curiosity, may in time become established and the Mona Lisa meet the totem-poles of Alaska at some designated center of courtesy.

In such a concerted plan, California, more than any other state in the Union, would figure still as part of the "Augmentation of the Spanish Indies." In fact, what is this great fair itself but the salute courteous of even New France and New England to old España, and that Isabella, whose very scattered jewels are perhaps in many an American *riviere?*



Relics from the Presidio.

Collection of Antonio F. Coronel.

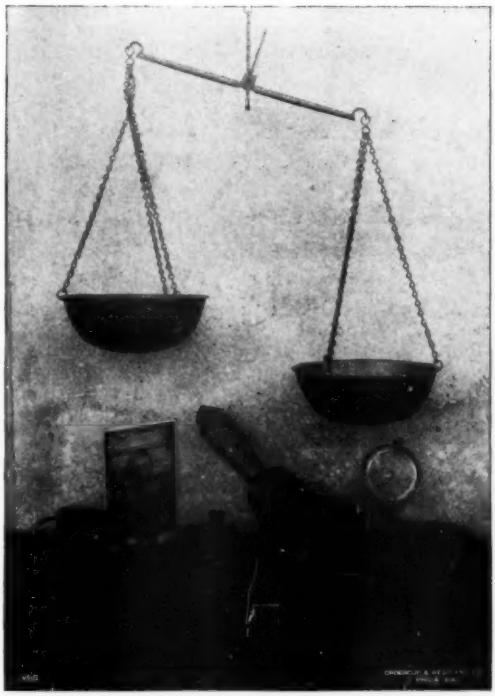
MAGAZINE has kindly consulted the Pasadena Loan Association in whose Advisory Committee are Jessie Benton Fremont, the Very Reverend Father Adam and Don Antonio Carmel—concerning such a possible World's Fair Loan Exhibition, and suggests it as at best a profitable subject for discussion. Asking also of what such an exhibit should consist.

The reply is; "If anything which could add a historic interest to any one of the one hundred and ninety-three great groups into which Mr. de Young tells us the thirteen departments of the Fair are divided, and

supplement mining, architecture, machinery, floriculture, viticulture, shipbuilding, transportation and the rest, regarded as distributive exhibits, a collective exhibit of Mission Indian Work, such as is suggested by THE CALIFORNIAN, might be made—this association thinks—if the co-operation of the Spanish element in the State, that of the Franciscans of Santa Barbara and of the Commissioners themselves, could be secured.

Mr. Otis T. Mason, representing the Smithsonian Institution, desires "to show in Chicago the homes of all our aboriginal tribes either in drawings, models or photographs." A collective exhibit of mission Indian work, if it were worthily made, might thus be able to secure the powerful alliance of national archæology and disputed questions be referred to the curator himself.

Desultory examples are given in this paper of some of the arts and manufactures in which the mission Indians excelled, and in a succeeding one, a more carefully prepared enumeration of them will be furnished; this bare and unillustrated enumeration being one to surprise any one not a close student of mission history.



Objects from the Mission.

Governor Portola, coming up with *Padre* Serra and the first expedition by land, beheld in 1768, it is probable with some emotion, the *Capitana*, *San Carlos* and the attending *San Antonio*, of the expedition by sea, lying at anchor in the "beautiful and famous port of San Diego." The salutes

which were exchanged announced the Spanish occupation of California. The cannon represented in the initial engraving is that which gave Portola's first salute and the powder magazine was part of the lading of the *San Carlos*, and may have been stowed away by the hands of José de Galvez himself.

These two staunch old *compañeros*, with the noble *compañia* of church guns and *mitrailleuse* might stop and examine curiously this cannon "San Diego," which, after serving the Saint of Alcalá, was carried on mule-back to again fire allegiance to Carlos III in the founding of the Mission San Gabriel; which renewed such allegiance in a *salvo* for the new Pueblo of Los Angeles, and yet with all its brave associations, could almost be put into a modern Gladstone bag.

Wooden Stirrup (estribo) carved by Mission Indians. From Carmelo, In the possession of Hon. Abbot Kinney.

bells, which still remains to us, make a fit beginning for even state historical collecting, and supplemented by the Toledo blades (figuring in Spanish as *Espadas Toledanas*) lances and *machetes* of the old presidial Castillos as well as the peaceful weights and measures of the mission, point to a definite beginning in such work.

The great Krupp or his descendants who could, perhaps, pass by Gatling All this might interest where greater pieces of iron failed in attracting power.

Let us not be deterred in possible exhibition by fear of competition with Mexico, in those only lines wherein California could hope to excite interest and prove individuality. The charm of its occupation as recorded by the journal-keeping governors and the writing frays, who accompanied each

land expedition and stood at the prow of every exploring vessel, was the charm which makes Robinson Crusoe delightful when the annals of Sybaris fail. Flora and fauna, mountain and seashore were taxed in manners deliciously original. What high pontifical mass could thrill the celebrant like that first service at Vellicatá, with lighted powder for incense, and the antiphonal response of cannon and musketry in place of the organ tones? Later, strange berries were burned for incense, rude censors swung heavenward and half Druidical altars and bell towers reverently made of the ancient oaks. It is this differentiation and this poverty which makes history and individualizes peoples. Here at first, every friar was an Alexander Selkirk and his mission a separate Juan Fernandez.

A distributive exhibit of this old historical material, like that suggested above, made with that nicety and appreciation of detail which marks the modern stage-setting of a revived historical play, could scarcely fail to be of interest and relevancy, and the collective exhibit of aboriginal work and workmanship fit into its own niche at an avowedly industrial fair.

The Mission church, representing in its construction a host of trades and incipient arts, the carved wooden stirrup, said to be that of *Padre* Junipero Serra, the carefully restored old pulpit, the engraved drinking-cup, the Indian *sonajas* the primitive stone implements about the oldest neophyte of San Gabriel Arcàngel, suggest the material for such a representation.

The stirrup may be, according to one's point of view, only a piece of white oak carving or an epitome of history. Who was it, seeing the worn old slipper of Pierre Corneille, said of Louis Quatorze—protecting literature from the height of his talons rouges—"*Louis, ce soulier me gâte tout ton règne?*" This old *estribo*, rescued from Carmel, and carved by Indian devotees contrasts well with the slipper of Corneille and in a manner glorifies the entire reign of King Carlos III while ranking with the cannon of Portola.

Restored Indian Pulpit. San Gabriel Arcângel.

I fear courteous "*Padre* Joachin," who so kindly ascends into his pulpit and puts on for us the very oldest stole in his robing-room, feels and knows that we are difficult, and no better satisfied with restoration than with ruin itself. Restoration is, at best, but sorry, and that in *sequoia*, of masonry and rude stonework once crowned by earthen tiles, sorrier than most. In my possession is a sketch from memory of the brilliant old frescoing of the neophytes of San Gabriel Arcángel, which must be hidden under its present dazzling white walls, frescoing which still exists, glowing in fragments of Byzantine patterns at San Juan Capistrano and untouched Pala in the colors of another century and civilization.

We cannot associate with this pulpit the face of Father Sanchez or President Lasnen, Serra himself or Fray José Maria de Zalridea, preaching in the Indian tongue to an Indian congregation. That, hanging high amid the ruins of San Luis Rey, guarded only by the statue of the king or the painted one-half falling in the walls of La Purissima is a memory, indeed.

Carving in horn as well as stone and wood was common in the missions, an example being furnished in the drinking-cup, still in Don Antonio's possession and not regarded by him as of particular merit, such being in every-day use at the *padres'* tables or carried in the *mochila* of the traveller who drank from them to the health of Carlos or Fernando, Señor Natural of the Two Californias. As to method of making, the ox-horn was first softened by soaking, then shaped over a piece of wood fitted into it while the horn was still pliable, and the design engraved with a buein (Sp. bueil) most commonly made by the Indian artisan out of a common nail. We know that Turner preferred, as an etching needle, the prong of an old steel fork, and it adds even to Michael Angelo's originality that he often made his own tools before commencing his statues. The bottom of such a drinking-cup was sometimes made of beaten silver and the cup itself banded and rimmed with the same metal. Don Antonio learned himself the silversmith's trade of an Indian neophyte of San Antonio de Padua, in whom he declares he found a master workman.

Two nations of dancers came together in this remote fusion of civilizations which forms our early State history. The same race characteristic in the Spaniard so marked that it defied old Spanish legislation against the Fandango, and the fulminations of the clergy of New Spain in Los Angeles against the European waltz, appeared as untamably in the Indian and prevented his acceptance of the new belief.

To the readers of *Padre* Boscana will always occur the scornful logic of the old Capitanejo of San Luis Rey when listening to a sermon addressed to the Indians on the efficacy of the sign of the cross made upon their foreheads and the invocation of the names of Mary and the newly-preached Christ. "If it were done by *dancing before Chinigchinich*" was the old chief's staunch reply to the circular vanquech though listening in the cruciform church—"it would not be incredible, but that it can be done by the sign of the cross, I *cannot* believe." Belief *did* begin even for a most sceptical, when this mysticism was set for them, to music and the credo itself intoned.

Absolutely fascinating are the traditions of these dancing and singing Indians reduced to choristers and church musicians under the batons of the Fathers; mastering the Gregorian Chant, itself pure as their own voices and once as rude—for the *Exultet* of Holy Week has absolutely no assignable date — forming the big semibreves with red or colorado brought from the mountains, or marching thirty of them with José el Cantor at their head in the procession headed by President Señan and twenty *padres* which welcomed Governor Sola to Monterey.

There were among them native Amatis and Stradívarii, who made church violins and viols of native pine and cedar, inlaid and wrought upon, while others evolved drums and cymbals and the children in the mission quadrangles watched the blacksmith fashion rude triangles for the Mass.

If some painter would spend one year, say this year, upon a music-subject taken from the traditions and history of these times; the *cuadro* of San José perhaps, with old *Padre* Narciso Duran bareheaded and enwrapt, beating time against one of the pillars of the corridor while the thirty native musicians practised for the Mass on as many different instruments I believe Madame Judic would buy it.

Under the gentile *régime* nothing but physical exhaustion justified a cessation of the dancing before *Chinigchinich* and a return to the tonic. Travelers, even now, occasionally see an old Indian thus dancing in exhausting and solitary ecstasy, while the young men of the tribe look and laugh, and perhaps discuss theosophy.

Advanced veranda furnishing in southern California might be said to consist of a stone metalé and a feather duster. This combination of archæology and good housekeeping must occasionally puzzle the traveler, as it surely would the historic old woman who ground the food of perhaps four generations upon the same hollow stone without one dream of its singular advancement, and may yet lead to strange theories in case of a race-migration.

A World's Fair without a typical old woman would not represent one state with either historic or archæological accuracy, but old women, like accredited Amazons and griffins of the era of Liota and Queen Calafia, are not as attainable as in "the other days" which preceded our own. Traditional Lilila herself, present at the founding of San Luis Obispo in 1772, is hardly more discredited than the Laura and Benjamina of ten years ago. What Mnemosynes these ancient women might have been had thought registering been invented! Spanning time, roughly speaking, by the century and a third, three such memories would reach back to Columbus. Last of her kind, Jacinta Serrano was not laid away in the Mission graveyard without forming a dignified figure in the Kulturkampf of the nineteenth century.

Brought suddenly out of her tule jacal by an enterprising member of the primary committee, local tradition says in a coupé, sent down on the shortest possible notice, she must have undergone emotions *en route* for the library building little short of those attending translation or the apotheosis, but no trace of awakened emotion showed upon her face.

La Perouse, fresh from his frigate *Boussole*, and the attendant Astrolabe on a scientific cruise of the world and affording the very first example of French fashion in our New Spain, passed, in 1786, through the plaza of Monterey lined with Indians of both sexes, on his way to celebrate Mass before the altar of Carmelo. He says "their faces showed no surprise and left room to doubt if we should be the subject of their conversation for the rest of the day."

Cup of Ox-horn, engraved by Indian Neophyte.
In the collection of Antonio F. Coronel.

The *padres* must have exhausted, if not their patience, at least the dictionary's "Vocabulary of Common Christian Names," in introducing christianity among and designating separately, converts who not infrequently came in by the *rancheria* with the *capitan* or *capitanejo* at its head. Jacinta, named, perhaps, for that St. Hyacinth who preached to all barbarians from Scotland to China, and would therefore gladly have

ascended the old Indian-carved pulpit of San Gabriel Arcàngel, entered very quietly upon her duties in the Hispano-Mexican Department of the Pasadena Loan Exhibition of 1889, which was a genuine, if incomplete, revival of New Spain. Patiently and with a touching deference to authority which explained the wonders by the Franciscans and brought back the mission *régime*, she wore her *corila* or basket (still preserved by the *padrona*) at those infrequent moments when it was not taken out of her hands by visitors, or posed for the photographer, or illustrated the preliminaries of *pinole* and *atole* making, or sold strands of colored glass beads given by the *padre* long ago, before "secularization," and which, by a curious irony, must still be synonymous for the Indian with the higher civilization. Over her head was a decorative frieze of tules, representing to her, perhaps, an apotheosis of that familiar building material, corresponding in strangeness with her own. Leading down to her position on the bare floor was a stairway draped solidly with the Indian blankets of collectors, and up and down this stairway passed the cosmopolitan procession of health and pleasure seekers which constitutes the world which here *s'amuse*. Behind her the maker of *cascarones* plied her trade of rudely decorating egg-shells, and the fashioner of drawn-work drew her threads for patterns older even than the memory of Jacinto or Lilila herself, while tier upon tier of baskets excited exultation or despair in owner or collector. Through a Navajo *portière* she caught an occasional glimpse of Captain Chittenden, of the Alaskan Department, bewilderingly personating Indian warriors in tribal costumes, which varied with the changing days. Beyond her smoked the Russian *samovars*, about which was gathered the fashion of and in the town, the most popular of bachelors repaying social debts; the Herr Professor of Harvard discussing the great telescope among the yuccas of Mt. Wilson; Mr. Holder in perhaps the werdelust of Gœthe, even then formulating THE CALIFORNIAN and its illustrations, meanwhile offering *caviar* and lemon to Jessie Benton Frémont.

Above Jacinta, the acacia decorations of the Oriental Department blent once more with the yellows in Eastern rugs and shawls—the same acacias under which the weavers wrought them, and which have suggested their coloring from immemorial times. Past her came the leader of the Hungarian orchestra, to receive the favor of red, white and green roses, which represented both Buda Pesth and Mejico, while Don Arturo Bandini, nephew of Concepcion de Arguello, and descendant of the Alvarado of the *triste noche*, in all the bravery of full Spanish costume, received day after day and illustrated with fine unconsciousness the element of caste.

In the collecting of types the artist stationed at the Plaza of Los Angeles may show, without moving his umbrella, a portfolio which shall represent Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America as the result of rapid sketching, while material for the camera is absolutely unending. As you drive into the suburbs, Susana, under the Mexican *floripundio*, may be separated from the Chinese gardener cutting bamboo for his mistress' tallest vases by only a vacant lot of wild lilies and blue-eyed grass.

It is a matter of tradition that Mr. Ruskin expressed aversion to coming to a country destitute of either ruins or castles; it is a matter of notoriety that Mademoiselle de la Ramée professed pity for a people devoid of peasantry, yet ten years ago it would not have required a very courageous hostess to invite both into her carriage with, say San Diego or Buenaventura as a starting point and Santa Barbara or Monterey as an objective stopping-place. The arches of San Juan Capistrano or San Luis Rey would have

met recognition from the Sir John of criticism—for the Franciscan missions were also fortified castles, rude but built for genuine defense—while glimpses *en route* of the double peasantry of Mexico and China would have assured us an almost monarchical position with difficult *mademoiselle.* Luciano runs up the outer stairway of the San Gabriel, it being a spray of wild tobacco growing by the empty niche built by the neophytes upon whose forehead the *padres* had made the sign of the cross; you watch the gardener, in the blue blouse Millet would have loved to paint, lift the pilgrim gourd to his lips under the big hat, "mow;" a *muchachita* like Susana darts out from a pomegranate hedge, sets a smaller *muchacha* with painful violence upon a turf of *filaria* and sings for you a song like that which Mr. Fraence heard in old Spain itself. By what *ruse* will the *comisionados* persuade all this representative picturesqueness to the Fair?

"Do you believe the eight bells of San Luis Rey were buried by the neophytes? Which, ah which, *Señor* Don, was the real and not the reputed Rio de los Temblores?" "Could we still find Indian women to make jelly from the *tunas* of Father José Maria de Zalvidea's old mission hedge?"

"Would they use *panocha* or sugar if we could?"

"Did they make and can they still make pomegranate wine at San Juan?"

"Could we find a genuine Indian *alabado* and a native musician to get it upon music paper, red notes preferred?"

"Do you suppose they buried the bass-viols and other church instruments with the mission bells?"

Indian Sonajas or Rattles, used in the worship of Chinigchinich.

Collection of Antonio F. Coronel.

"What coloring did the Indians use in their frescoing and what remains of it exist at Pala?"

All these questions are asked and answered in the house of the interpreter or, not to be disagreeable and mysterious, in the *sala* of Don Antonio Coronel.

It is literally, however, through the services of *Doña* Mariana, the house of the interpreter, as many a questioner into the past can testify. The name "Mariana," in large letters over the front doorway tells of its dedicatory character. We are living

in the *sequoia* "period," as opposed to the adobe; so the house is, of course, of two high stories of white redwood, with attic and a basement which is a ground-floor of history. Looking out of its front bay window you may still see from this *casa grande* the walls of the old house denuded of orange and lemon trees, climbing cactus and roses. The *carreta*, which used to stand before the open doorway, reminding me of the royal, if fainéant, days of France has fallen to pieces; only the two big sycamore wheels from the Verdugo Cañon, standing side by side in the museum, to show its construction to the visitors who come now in victoria or coupé. Transplanted *yerba buena*, bergamot, and sleep-compelling *adormiders*, however, bloom along the cemented walks and an *agave* or *maguey* stretches up symbolically to the very eaves, commensurate with the new *régime* as it towered above the old.

You are not only in the house of the interpreter but in the palpable dominion and atmosphere of Hernando Cortez. A series of strange old pictures form a Spanish line of possession along the walls. These pictures represent Mariana, also in the *rôle* of interpreter, between Cortez and Montezuma; Mariana, almost the first of Indian neophytes whose technical difficulties when called upon to explain the Trinity and the transubstantiation are suggested by Mr. Prescott, and of whom we may be sure the Spaniard also demanded a translated diagnosis of that disease which could only be cured by Indian gold. Examples of *plumaje*, or featherwork, such maybe as Alvarado's caravel first took back to Charles V line the walls, alternating with portraits and cabinets of Guadalajara ware, while Don Antonio's *sombrero*, now reduced, under our civilization, to a mural decoration instead of a head-covering, hangs in the doorway, and his *rebozo* is "draped" high over a modern curtain-pole.

The house may be said to be under the invocation of San Antonio de Padua as well as the dominion of Cortez. The opening door conceals for you, as coming guest, a tiny image of the saint which, as a parting one, you may examine. As a remembrance of General Vallejo, a picture of the founding of Saint Antony's own mission greets you from the wall, and the mountain of the seraphic doctor shows white from the window to the north. To the right of the Virgin in the oratory upstairs, the great miracle-worker holds the Jesuito on his book, and here, night and day, when *la grippe* attacks the Don and local history together, burns the supplicatory candle of Mariana to this patron saint.

What question in state history or local tradition will you have answered to-day?

Would you see Don Antonio rehabilitate the old Californian *soldado de cuero*, who was Indian fighter, mission guard, defender of the Castillo of the Presidio of San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey or San Francisco, or of the *pueblos* of Los Angeles and San José? The cotton jackets of the followers of Cortez in Mexico are succeeded in the mission chronicles by these *cuirassiers* of Carlos III, who spent so much of this mortal life in seven layers of tanned buckskin and were carried into the mission graveyards in the cord and cowl of St. Francis, cast off by *padre* and confessor. Seven such buckskins, tanned perhaps by as many Christian Indians for the *caballeros'* defense against the arrows of the Gentile ones, made these leather jackets of history. The seven thicknesses of this *cuirass* or *corium* were sewed by Indian *armoureés* with buckskin strips fashioned something after the fashion, to use a *chef's* simile, of lardoons, and the buckskin boots elaborately laced with similar strips of greater size. The quilted collar of the *cuirass*, turned up above the ears, met the brim of the *sombrero duro*, the ribbon of which was always black. On his arm this same *soldado* slipped

his round shield of seven beef hides soaked, scraped and sewed upon a frame with such leathern thread as the times afforded and such heroic-sized needle as has been acceptable to savage and civilized man alike since the foundation of the world. This shield bore the arms of his Majesty of Spain, embossed by the same patient neophytes who finished saddle and bridle, stirrup shield and saddle-bag, *mantilla de silla* and sheath for the *machete* in the saddleries, giving in the mission courts, and of which later bow knot to the right of his chin; make an absolute visor of his eyebrows; retreat into the long sleeves of the jacket to show the superfluousness of gloves; all this, while Cortez and Mariana, Governor Micheltorena and Helen Hunt watch him from the walls and Father Serra lost in the sweet rapture of a priest of the order, which was founded on the ecstasies of Saint Francis, smiles approval from his frame, or as *Doña* Mariana believes, returns to listen. I would like to know where Don Antonio is really

Jacinta Serrano, Cahuilla Indian of San Gabriel Arcángel.

Photographed at the Second Exhibition of the Pasadena Loan Association, 1889.

those of Santa Ines, *Virgen y Mártyr* stood in the lead.

But to see Don Antonio *put on* all these consecutive layers with a separate shrug for each one as he adjusts it; to watch him pull up the laced boots with a reminiscent shiver over a cactus thicket between Pala and San Luis; adjust the shield in a way which connects him with Mars and Peleus, Siegfried and the Telemonian Ajax; fasten his lance to his arm with the correa of leather; hack away opposing chaparral with his unsheathed *machete*; tie the black ribbon of the *sombrero duro* in a double going. Is he starting for a *fiesta* at Monterey or one of the *escolta*, as for the coming governor? He hums the *Malagana* or the *Jota Aragonese*. Suddenly the bell of the electric street railway announces a coming caller and Rugerio, a San Fernando Indian, versed in the lore and traditions of the rancheria, but wearing a Derby hat and a four-in-hand tie, is ushered in, and making the bow which acknowledges his presentation.

Next to inveterate honesty and loyalty ranks, perhaps, unalienable gallantry in the Spanish composition of Don Antonio, a gallantry aided and

abetted by *Doña* Mariana, who laughs over his occasional discomfitures and thence slays her husband's slain with a wife's own prerogative. In the midst of the gravest events of State history, the Spanish comb, *perlas*, from the gulf, slippers with clicking heels, kerchiefs and mantillas complete as recollections with Toledo blades and Franciscan cords, the

"When did the name San Francisco definitely succeed that of Yerba Buena? Did the Gray Friars ever wear brown?"

His face falls and he stops walking up and down. He had hoped the question was: "Did the old Californian carry his sweetheart to the *fandango en avant* or *en croupe?*" but the disappointment is but tem-

"Don Antonio." Doña Mariana. Los Angeles.

Compañia de cuero and Indian neophytes. Temporary disappointment clouds his face at the questions his interpreter puts faithfully in the conversations *à trois*.

"What does she ask, Mary? What would she know next?"

"Have the Channel Indians sun-worshippers like those of San Clemente?"

porary. In twenty nervous words he is back again into history proper, with Portola and Fagis, Serra and Crespi, *la mujer* relegated *en croupe*.

We run over each other's prejudices in an international way, which is the occasion of laughter, also *à trois*. Having been urged more than once for the sunrise hymn, "Sancta Maria," accompanied by the guitar,

Don Antonio at last consented, though with some confusion, explaining afterwards that he doubted if the Virgin had ever before in the whole history of California been addressed to the music of that secular instrument, and evidently aware of the impiety of his serenade.

Are you temporarily wearied with history? What is there of flower lore with which Doña Mariana is not familiar—yerba santa and yerba buena, mariposas and yerba del oso, the pale blue convolvulus which she knows as the virgin's mantle, and the hollyhock as the flower of San José.

Among the Aztecs there were certain men who kept important events, genealogies, etc., in their memory, and recited them when called upon. Let us hope this race of men has survived even the Conquistadores, and is preserved to us, through Mexico and Mexicans. Wearing yet with easy grace, when he chooses so to do, the old Spanish costume, drawing the old *cuadro* of the Mission Santa Inez, on the fly-leaf of Atala; dancing the coyote dance in a way which makes intelligible the legends of Nezahualcoyotl; trying to recall an *alabado* and remember whether he learned it before the sunrise mass at San Antonio de Padua or in Old Mexico, at Culiacan; bringing in the bear for a *fiesta* at San Luis Rey; explaining the bull fights in the plaza of Los Angeles, where Pio Pico threw the cloak and the *toro* came in from hills as brown as the Sierra Moreno of Spain; laughing with the laugh which has laughed Spain's chivalry away, and half-sighing for its return down the Americanized streets; this is "Don Antonio," whose personality, could he be enticed into permeating these pages, would prove that no representation of the present state, however opulent and magnificent, could be other than heightened by a revival of the Spanish past.

HOPE.

The hopes of man are prophesies divine;
His fears, gaunt spectres that arise
From superstitions old, and minds diseased.
Brave souls hope, only the weak despair,
And die forgotten in the Giant's lair.
All hopes are inspirations that do grow
Within pure hearts, where heavenly splendors glow;
And hopes are truths that, with Heaven's light divine,
Refulgent gleam far o'er the hoary heights of time.
Upon the mountain top Hope stands with forms
Invincible; and there above all storms
She chants her revelation, leading on
Aspiring souls to destinies unknown.

San Diego, Cal., 1892.

NESTOR A. YOUNG

IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

BY JAMES CARSON FENNEL.

COULTER'S HELL, Wonderland, and Yellowstone National Park are designations which mark the stages of appreciation in which that extraordinary representation of Nature's wildest demeanor has been, is, and will be held.

John Coulter was attached to Lewis and Clarke's expedition and on the return of that party to civilization, in 1806, he left it to trap and hunt on the headwaters of the Missouri. His escapes from the Blackfoot Indians were of that romantic kind which might have furnished Cooper with items for his best novels. After having found refuge among the friendly Bannock Indians, who roamed over the region in which Yellowstone Park is situated, he returned to St. Louis in 1810, where the wonderful stories which he told of the places he had seen were disbelieved. His rude but vivid descriptions of boiling wells, of subterranean noises, and periodical upheavals of volumes of steaming water, of richly painted rocks and trembling ground gained for the region the name of Coulter's Hell—a name by which it was known for decades among the mountain men. Later, about 1844, James Bridger, a noted Rocky Mountain guide, visited the locality and his accounts, though corroborated by those previously given by Coulter, were still at that date deemed too marvelous to be credible. So time passed on, and the traditions of trappers formed the only recorded rumors of Wonderland. These told of palaces and temples glittering with jewels, of trees of stone, of effervescing caldrons, of smoking plains, and other marvels that smote the superstitious with awe and made them regard it as the location of the mouth of the bottomless pit with preternatural surroundings. Nor is there much to be wondered at in this; nature has here concentrated her greatest effort at variety of display. The grand in magnificence of designs; the beautiful in exquisiteness of coloring and crystallization; the rarity and multiplicity of geological phenomena; and the terrible in the exhibition of internal forces, in turn strike the visitor with wonder and astonishment. It is, indeed, a wonderland which once seen, can never be forgotten.

In 1853, Captain John Mullan in his report regarding the construction of a military road from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Benton makes mention of hot springs and geysers at the headwaters of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, the report which he had heard of their existence being "confirmed by his own explorations." Although prospectors occasionally visited the region, merely brief notices were given of it in local papers, and no authentic description thereof was published until Mr. Cook and David E. Folsom had visited it in 1869.

During the years 1871 and 1872, explorations of the region now comprising the National Reservation were made by the United States Geological surveying expedition under the late Prof. F. V. Hayden, and the first scientific accounts were made public. Thenceforth this land of mystery has been opened to the world, bereft of the terrors with which vague rumor and former difficulty of access had surrounded it.

It was at Professor Hayden's suggestion that Yellowstone Park was reserved as a national pleasure ground and protected from spoliation. On December 18th, 1871, a bill to that effect was introduced into the Senate by the Hon. S. C. Pomeroy of Kan-

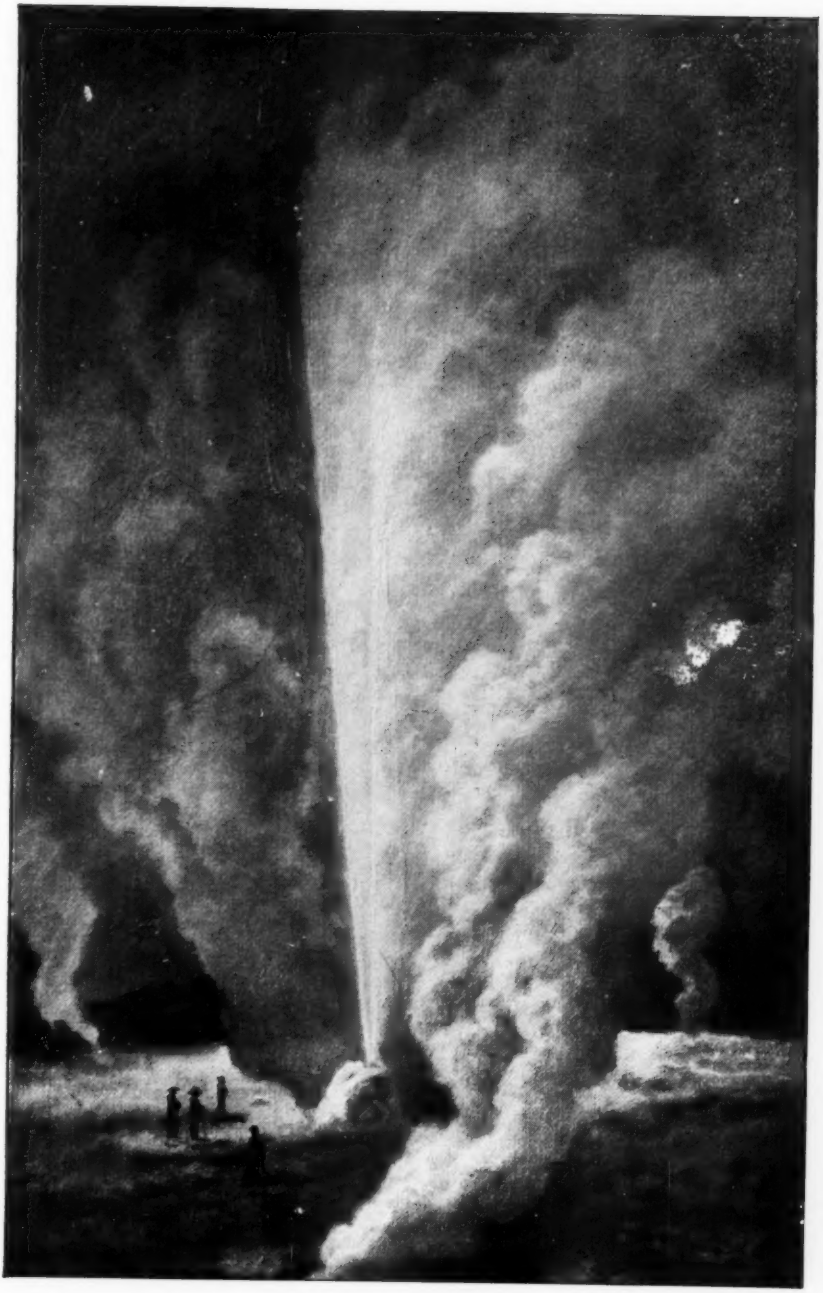
Castle Geyser.

sas, a similar bill being offered to the House of Representatives by the Hon. William H. Claggett, delegate from Montana. Both Senate and House passed it with little opposition and the President's signature speedily made it a law. The tract of land reserved by this Act for the benefit of the people by Professor Hayden, White Mountain Springs. This latter nomenclature is quite as appropriate as the former inasmuch as the heated waters that have gurgled up from their subterranean sources for untold centuries, have formed a vast hill of white calcareous deposit, which viewed from a

Formation of the Geyser.

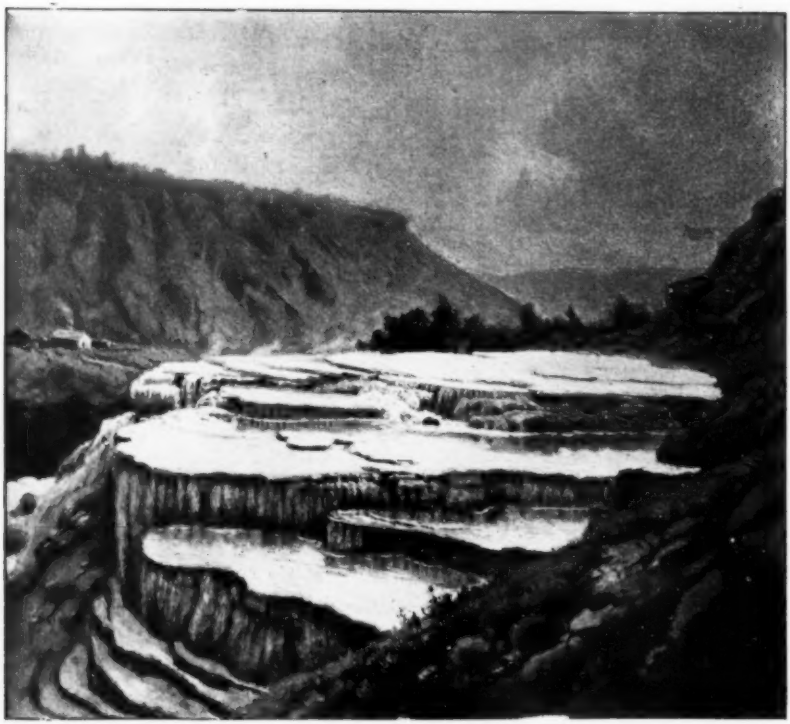
is considerable, being sixty-five miles long by fifty-five miles in width, and containing an area of two million and two hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres.

The best route to take in visiting the Yellowstone Park is to enter it by way of Mammoth Hot Springs called distance, looks like a snowy mountain. As you approach it you observe that it is terraced, each terrace being ornamented with beautiful projections, like fluted columns of nature's molding, but it is not until you reach it that you realize the marvelous cunning of the architect's skill, and the multi-



Bee Hive Geyser in Action.

tudinous shapes which the water deposited formations have assumed. The area occupied by these deposits is three square miles, on one hundred and seventy acres of which the present thermal springs are found. The two masses of deposit that they are still occupied in building up, are arranged in four principal terraces, which, with their minor subdivisions form a series of fourteen consecutive receding elevations. The lower mass is fringed along its front with basins, urns, and other beautifully shaped receptacles formed by the deposited lime, sulphur, alumina and magnesia, which the water holds in solution. The most beautiful of these springs, more than fifty of which have been tabulated and described, is the Cleopatra Spring situated on the summit of a mass of deposit forty feet high. It flows into basins fringed with bright stalactites, thence down an incline into white, red and yellow basins, that form gorgeous pedestals to fabrics of wonderful tracery. The coloring displayed in some parts of White Mountain is beyond imagination and beyond description. In the Pink Terraces the pavements and basin sides, painted in all shades of red, from bright scarlet and crimson to the most delicate rose tints interspersed with richest yellows and most brilliant greens, contrast gorgeously with the cerulean color of the blue transparent water which creates them.



Lower Basins, Mammoth Hot Springs.

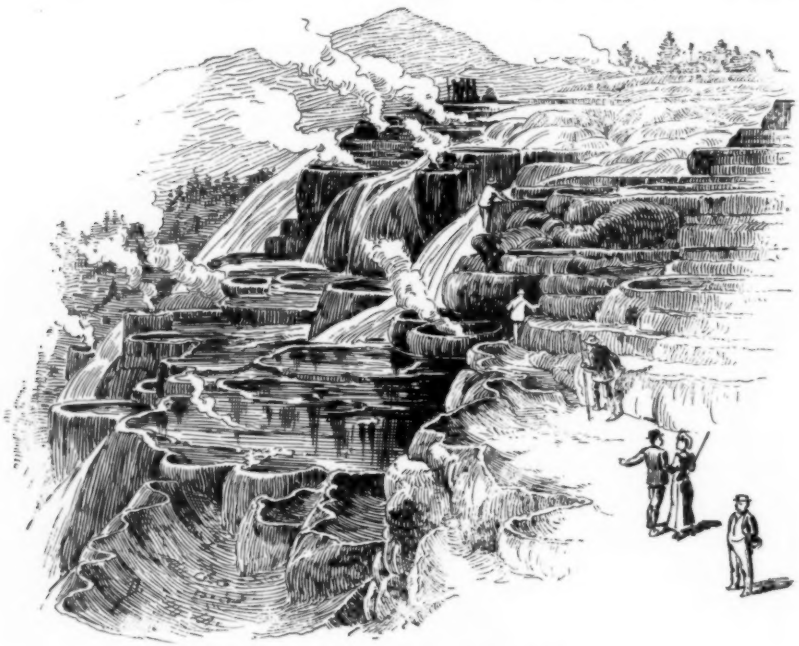
We have now fairly entered this "Northern Wonderland," as Professor Hayden justly called the region, a name given it in contradistinction to

The Giantess Geyser in Action.

that of its childlike compeer in New Zealand, which is feebler in expression of nature's efforts, in wealth of variety, magnificence of aspect, and diversity of effect on the feelings of the observer. For here nature has introduced the horrible and terrible into her great spectacular production.

There are other hot springs in the Park, scattered almost over the whole region and estimated to number from five thousand to ten thousand, besides because grander, phenomena. The Geysers of the Yellowstone, in comparison with which their namesakes, the spouting springs in Iceland, called by the native islanders the gushers, sink into insignificance.

The main Geyser regions are two in number, and known as that on the Madison River and that near Shoshone Lake. Besides these there are other minor basins, as the Gibbon, Norris and Heart Lake basins. In the first-

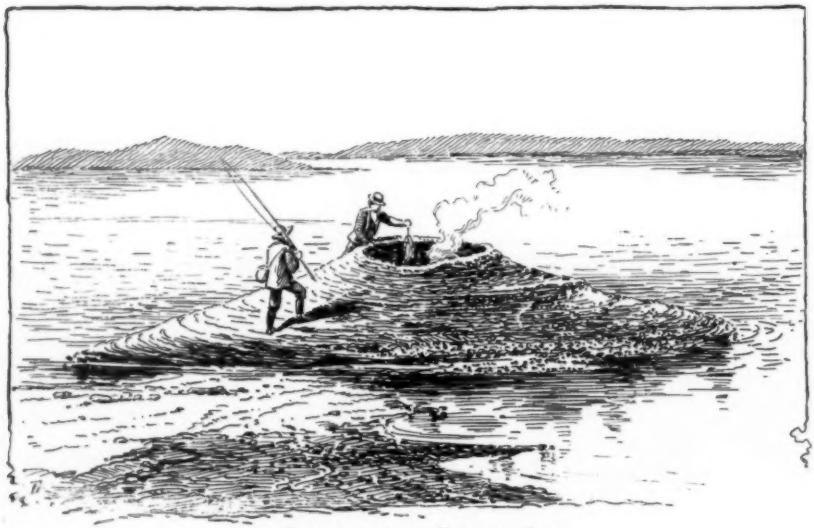


Basins at Mammoth Hot Springs of Gardiner's River.

innumerable white-robed basins, the sepulchres and silent monuments testifying to the existence and activity of others long ago dead. But we have seen those of the Mammoth group. We have risen into ecstasies over their mineral representations of frozen cascades; their scalloped basins adorned with delicate tracery in many colors, and their fretted terraces, arrayed in richest hues and softest tints, and we will now visit still more surprising, named localities, there are at least fifty geysers that throw up columns of water to heights varying from fifty feet to two hundred feet, while the number of spouting vents of all kinds amounts to thousands. The geysers on Fire Hole River—the Madison under another name—are grouped into three basins, known as the Lower, Midway and Upper Basins, included in an area of thirty square miles. Of these, the Upper Basin is

Minute Geyser, Norris Basin.

by far the most important, although the Lower Basin contains at least half a dozen interesting geysers, and the Midway Basin can boast of the Excelsior, the largest geyser ever known, with a huge crater two hundred feet by three hundred, and thirty feet. From this vast cavity, filled with boiling water, rise dense clouds of steam, and when eruptions occur, the periodicity of which is long, the scene is awe-inspiring in the extreme, the prodigious column of water being hurled to heights varying from fifty to three hundred feet. But let us hasten to the Upper Basin, the great theater of the grandest display in the world of geyser activity.



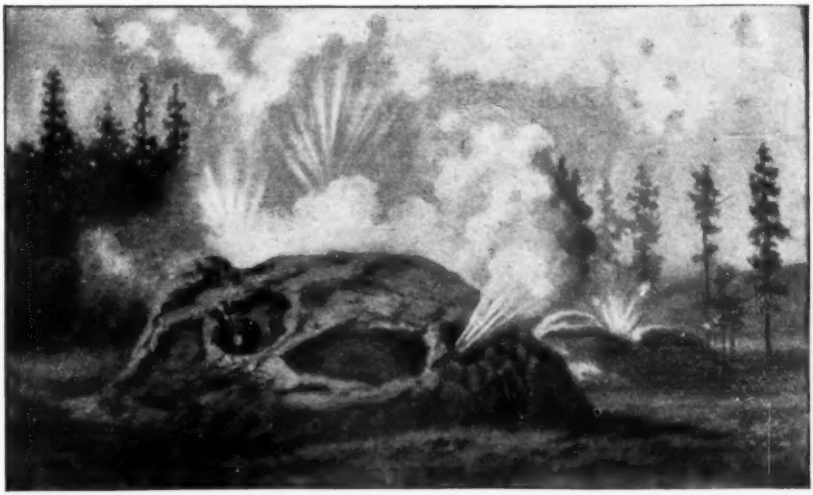
Hot Springs on west arm Yellowstone Lake.

It covers an area of three square miles, and, to use Professor Hayden's words, is "honeycombed with springs, pools and geysers that are constantly gurgling, spitting, steaming, roaring and exploding." In this multifarious group of restless activities there are no less than twenty-six large geysers of which only a few can be taken notice of here.

Entering the basin from the north, we find it covered with a coating of whitish deposit, and the geysers and springs surrounded with mineral structures of innumerable designs. Pyramids and minarets glitter, cones and turrets, castles and temples, flash with reflected light. From hundreds and hundreds of orifices rises the spangled, sun-dyed steam, and rainbow-painted columns of transparent water are ejected upward by invisible forces. First we visit the Grotto Geyser and wonder at the grotesqueness of its singular crater—a strange freak of nature. It has nearly covered itself with an uncouth, helmet-like mound, pierced with two great holes through which, instead of some monster's eyes peering, yawn cavities like the sockets of a Titan's skull; and between them rises a club-shaped, malformed, misplaced nose. Has nature, we ask, been trying to fashion a deformity, a gargoyle on an enormous scale? If so, she did not forget, however, her customary decorations in colored and architectural designs; for, examined in detail, it is an aggregation of things of beauty. During eruption, this

geyser behaves in a manner as quaint and eccentric as its crater is grotesque and exceptional in appearance during the periods of quiescence. The water is not ejected in steady spouts, but is churned out, as it were, in two irregularly alternating columns, while numerous jets of steam and water issue from cracks and minor holes in the gargoyle's skull. This is a most singular geyser and singularly interesting.

Two hundred yards away to the east is the Giant Geyser, the crater of which Edwin J. Stanley, in his "Rambles in Wonderland," compares with "the stump of a hollow sycamore tree of gigantic proportions, the top of which has been torn off by a storm." Though one side is broken down, torn away, perhaps, by some eruption of unusual force, the old, gray, mineral stump still serves the subterranean giant as a safety valve for his fury and strength. It rises ten feet above the platform and measures twenty-five feet by twenty-four feet at the base, tapering off to eight feet in diameter at the top. The volume of water ejected by this geyser during eruption is prodigious. Says Colonel Barlow, who in August, 1871, witnessed one of these grand hydraulic displays: "The amount of water discharged was immense—about equal in quantity to that in the river—the volume of which during the eruption was doubled." Fire Hole River at this part of its course, is about twenty-five yards wide! With a diameter of seven feet, the column of water discharged rises at times to a height of nearly two hundred feet, never sinking to less than one hundred feet.



Grotto Geyser in Action.

And this great volume of water gushes forth unceasingly for the space of an hour and a half to two hours. It would be no easy task for a civil engineer to calculate in foot-pounds the tremendous force at work in the ejectment of this vast quantity of water; but some conception of it may be formed by being present at one of these awful discharges. When an observer hears the subterranean groaning and the dreadful riot going on below, as the imprisoned Briareus begins the struggle with his hundred hands; when

he feels the shaken earth heave and quiver beneath his feet, and listens to the horrible roar of the monster fountain as it rushes upward; he may be apt to realize that the motive power is inconceivable by the mind of man. When, however, he has had the good fortune to see that stupendous column driven upward with dense volumes of streaming steam; has watched it sway gracefully with the wind; break up into countless jets, and return to earth in heavy showers of glittering globules, he will congratulate himself that he has looked upon one of the grandest phenomena of nature. The periodicity of the Giant's performances is not a fixed time, the eruptions taking place at irregular intervals once in about four days.

Passing the Comet on our way, we will proceed to Castle Geyser, which has the most imposing crater in the Upper Basin, and so named by N. P. Langford, formerly superintendent of the Park, and Lieutenant Doane of the Second Cavalry, commander of the escort of the Washburn expedition, who saw in its rugged pile a fancied resemblance to the ruins of a feudal castle. Though the Earl of Dunraven, in 1872, witnessed an eruption of this geyser, so grand that he considered it the greatest in the region, the old ruin is not wont to make such displays frequently, and, having noticed the richness of its colors in shades of orange and silver-gray, we will turn our faces from it, attracted by the beauty of a thermal spring, one hundred and fifty feet away. Words cannot describe Beautiful Spring, with its almost circular basin over nineteen feet in diameter, its symmetrically scalloped rim, and the intense ultramarine hue of its water; nor can the platform in which it nestles be described, gorgeous in colors of yellow and reds and grays and salmon tints. Yet many such springs deck the Upper Basin with their jeweled forms, calm, peaceful beauties slumbering by the side of dreadful violence and terrific energy.

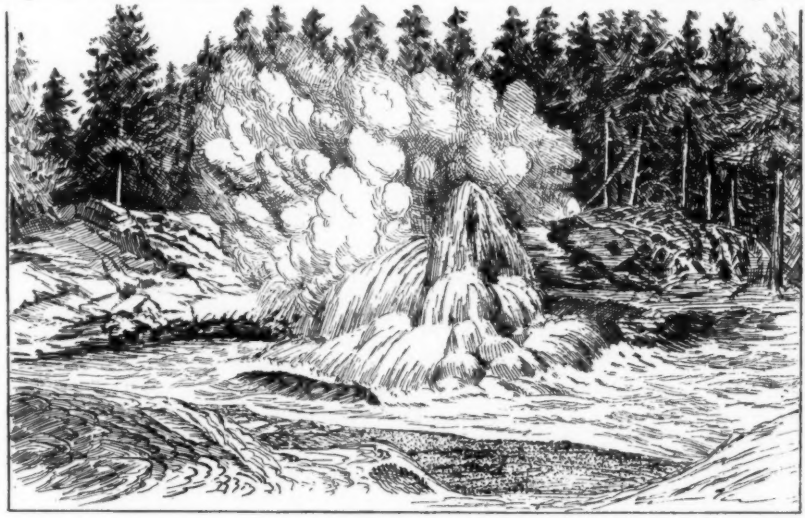
Grand Geyser lies away to the east on the other side of the river. No raised cone or crater marks the spot where this magnificent fountain lies cradled in the bosom of the earth, gathering strength for a fresh explosion of sudden passion; no huge cavern-like bowl gives indication of the latent volcanic forces that are being nursed below. A slight depression in the ground, an indenture of fifty-two feet diameter, a little below the surface is all there is to show where lurk the pent up powers that periodically drive the aggressive water through the geyser-tube in its center. The shallow basin is cushioned with beautiful spongiform masses of velvet-like geyserite around the mouth of the orifice which is of elliptical form, the major and minor axis being respectively four feet and two feet in length. Thus with its unpretentious basin the Grand lies quiescent for its allotted time; then with earthshaking and tremendous rumbling that sounds like smothered thunder, the fountain without receiving warning of attack is shot aloft into the air two hundred feet in an immense column of steam and water. The violence and suddenness with which this ejectment of an undesirable tenant is accomplished signalizes this geyser from all others, and it is regarded as the favorite by most tourists. From the main column numberless jets are discharged at all heights and angles draping the Colossus in an agitated fringework of ever-changing patterns. The initial action lasts from eight to ten minutes, the earth trembling under the blows of the upheaved liquid mass as it strikes it in its fall. Then follows a series of alternate fits of sullen repose and fierce activity, the spasms numbering from seven to eleven. The length of time occupied by this awe-inspiring performance is from twenty to twenty-five minutes. The periodicity of the Grand's eruptions is somewhat irregular; two exhibitions of them, however, generally occur in every twenty-six hours.

We will relax the strain upon our

nerves and feelings induced by contemplation of the majestic and appalling by turning from the grand to the graceful, from the terrific to the fascinating and gaze upon the beautiful symmetry of the Beehive Geyser, only four hundred feet distant from the Giantess, one of the greatest of earth-shakers, but of whose tremendous display of force we desist from describing.

For beauty, gracefulness and symmetry the Beehive is paramount in Wonderland as an intermittent fountain. It derives its name from the shape of its cone which is three feet high and three feet by four feet on the top with a diameter of nearly seven feet at the base; is of pearly aspect and beautifully beaded with silica. From this miniature crater is ejected to a height of over two hundred feet a perpendicular jet of water and steam which expands into a fan-shaped fabric of spray and vapor as it rises upward. During the eruptions, the durations of which vary from three to eighteen minutes, there is no groaning of the earth, no crash of falling torrents of water; the light spray mingles affectionately with the steam, evaporates and floats away. On the windward side you can stand within a few feet of the cone and fear no harm.

Old Faithful, the "Guardian of the Valley," acquired his title from the regularity with which he exhibits his eruptions. They occur with considerable punctuality at intervals of a few minutes over an hour. His performance begins with a few preliminary spurts or splashes which last about four minutes. After these apparently abortive efforts at eruption he steadily puts forth his real strength and the column rises under the increasing impulsion in rapidly successive jets to heights varying from one hundred and twenty-five feet to one hundred and sixty feet. Great volumes of steam, soaring five hundred feet high, float off in fleecy clouds or gather round the column on the leeward side and clothe it with a mantle of vaporous spray in which the rainbows sport in evanescent fragments of prismatic-colored arches, while showers of diamonds fall into the basin. For about five minutes the column is held up steadily and majestically and is then slowly lowered by convulsive throbs.



Great Fountain Geyser.

In a few minutes Old Faithful is taking his rest again.

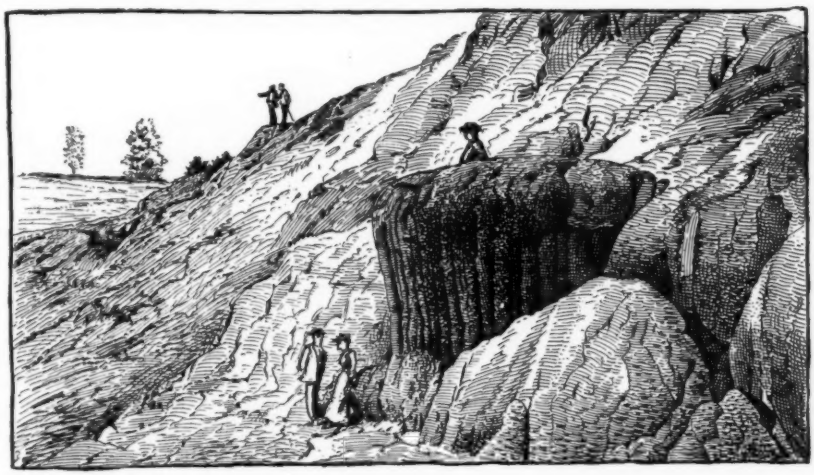
Various theories have been advanced by scientific men regarding the cause of geysers. The general cause, volcanic action, is admitted by all, the differences of opinion arising from the difficulty of explaining and proving the modus operandi. Bunsen's theory, though inadequate to account for all the phenomena exhibited in geyser action, is perhaps the nearest approach to a comprehensive explanation and is endorsed by Professors Tindall, Dana and many other eminent men. In July, 1846, Bunsen spent some time in studying the Great Geyser in Iceland, and devoted much thought to a solution of the problem. His theory may be thus simply expressed. He conjectures that the column of water in the geyser-tube, supplied by lateral drainage, communicates by means of a long and sinuous passage with some space—be it cavern, chamber, or any other kind of cavity—in the igneous rocks; that water by percolation has access to these spaces, and is subjected to the action of subterranean heat. Steam is generated and rises in the column of superincumbent water which, being cooler, condenses it. The water in the sinuous channel, however, gradually becomes heated to the boiling point and condensation of the steam ceases, causing it to accumulate and acquire ever-increasing tension. Meantime, the water in the geyser-tube becomes heated till it is brought so near the respective boiling points corresponding to the different pressures under which its strata are, that a very slight commotion is sufficient to raise some particular layer to a position in the tube where its temperature would be in excess of that required to vaporize it. Under the straining of the subjacent bed of steam this finally occurs, and the result is a sudden and violent generation of steam, which rushing up the tube relieves the pressure and causes the generation of more steam. A succession of explosive escapes of steam takes place followed by the eruption which continues until the accumulation of steam below is relieved from tension by the expulsion of water and the reduction of its own volume by escape. Then ensues a period of quiescence which lasts until the inflow of fresh water has produced the necessity for another expulsion. The variety observed in the displays of geyser eruptions is caused by the conditions and quantity of the water supply and the different sizes, shapes, and constructions of the orifices, tubes and channels. In cases of such prodigious discharges of water as those which occur during the eruptions of the Excelsior and Giant geysers, vast subterranean reservoirs must exist and a large portion of their contents be expelled. The caldron or boiler in which the steam is generated must be a mighty one indeed.

Speaking of the Geyser Basins in the Yellowstone Park, Professor Charles T. Whitwell remarked: "Nowhere else, I believe, can be seen on so grand a scale, such clear evidence of dying volcanic action. We seem to witness the death-throes of some great American Enceladus." Now death-throes are sometimes horrible to witness, and nature in this extraordinary picture of life and death has furnished us with samples of the horrible and sickening. We will cross over to the banks of the Yellowstone River and as a preliminary introduction to truly purgatorial scenes let us first visit Sulphur Mountain.

Desolation greets us; no verdure clothes the slopes; no floweret dare approach the deadly place; the noxious weed shuns it; only on the northeast side has vegetation had the courage to show itself, for there the bold, hardy pine has crept up as near as safety permits. The barren ground is seamed with fissures and crevasses from which poisonous vapors rise, and its surface is spotted with old craters, like ulcers on a monster's cheek. As if to entice to destruction, a beautiful sulphur spring has built itself a bead-worked parti-colored basin at the

western base, and in its bright yellow water, transparent as glass, boils and bubbles to the pleased eye, while its deadly fumes will suffocate you should you unwarily go on the leeward side of it. The ground is hot with internal fire, and treacherous, and beneath it lurk pitfalls, concealed gateways to brimstone and fire. You must pick your way carefully over the brittle crust. Let us proceed.

Not far away lies a group of mud caldrons, and here we gain a glimpse at the diabolical. Some of these mud pots are filled with filthy, slimy water; is green mud, yellow mud and dark brown mud; mud blue, and mud lavender-colored, mud white and mud pink; some mud is black, and some lead and slate-colored; some looks like cream. It is a horrible, dreadful, unsightly, and unearthly place; yet there are others such, notably that near the river at the foot of Mt. Washburn. Dr. A. C. Peale, United States Geological Survey, in his report, of 1872 thus describes it: "It was a most horrible looking place, and brought to our minds pictures of the infernal regions. The black and red



The Pulpit.

some with mud-paste that looks like mush; others with a mixture of the consistency of mortar, and others with soap-boilers' messes; one with what looks like molasses, and others with stuff like the contents of a house painter's pot. They are boiling and bubbling and puffing, sputtering and fizzing, sending forth the while horrible stenches and sickening odors. A demoniacal din is going on all the time—thumpings and thud-like noises—spitting and hissing, and dull detonations as the gas-charged bubbles burst. The contents of these caldrons of Hecate are of many colors. There colors of the mud and iron deposits gave the hill the appearance of having been burned, while here and there were masses of bright-yellow sulphur. The air was filled with fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen. The noise made by the throbbing and pulsating masses of mud was continuous. This with the splashing and spluttering of some of the springs, the plop-plop of the thicker mud, combined with the unearthly appearance of the scene, made us feel that we were on dangerous ground." No doubt they felt their peril; they were walking on an excrescence of—well, of the place

where the wicked go. These are the places that Coulter saw and talked about and thereby gained for himself a reputation as being the first-born of the father of lies.

We will look upon one more spectacle of dying force before we turn away from this great death-bed of volcanic energy. The scene is at the Mud Volcano or Giant's Caldron. From afar you can locate the place by the heavy volumes of steam that rise three hundred feet above the mouth of the hideous pit. Occasionally the rumbling, smothered thunder of an explosion that shakes the earth for a mile around is heard, and as you approach this mouth of Orcus, the concussions and splashing sounds of struggling mud in fiercely wild commotion shake your nerve and din your ear. Peer into the depth below, over the sickly green edge of this gaping crater, while it holds its poisonous breath for a few moments, and at the bottom you will see issuing horizontally from beneath the mountain a tide of seething mud charging against the side of the horrible abyss, ebbing and flowing and churning, backward and forward, striking and recoiling ceaselessly, groaning the while over its moribund condition and lost strength. It fascinates while it appalls. Let us be gone, and leave for more pleasing sights these theaters of nature on the stages of which the closing scenes of one of her great dramas are being acted.

To describe all the wealth and variety in scenery, all the beautiful objects of interest in Wonderland, to depict the imposing splendor of Grand Cañon, that two thousand feet deep gorge, with its richly illuminated cliffs; between which rushes the Yellowstone in mighty leaps of great waterfalls, would require the space of volumes. In that wide basin in the Rocky Mountains, inclosed on all sides by their heights, as you move from camping ground to camping ground, profuse in offerings of delicious pasturage, you pass through long stretches of fine woodland parks, by lily-speckled ponds, and by lovely lakes round which the lofty pines have congregated and wave their greetings to each other in the looking-glass below them; you cross purling streams peopled with toothsome trout; you thread your way along trails, through dense forests; and you wander on the beach of an inland sea, the largest lake in the world at the altitude of nearly eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

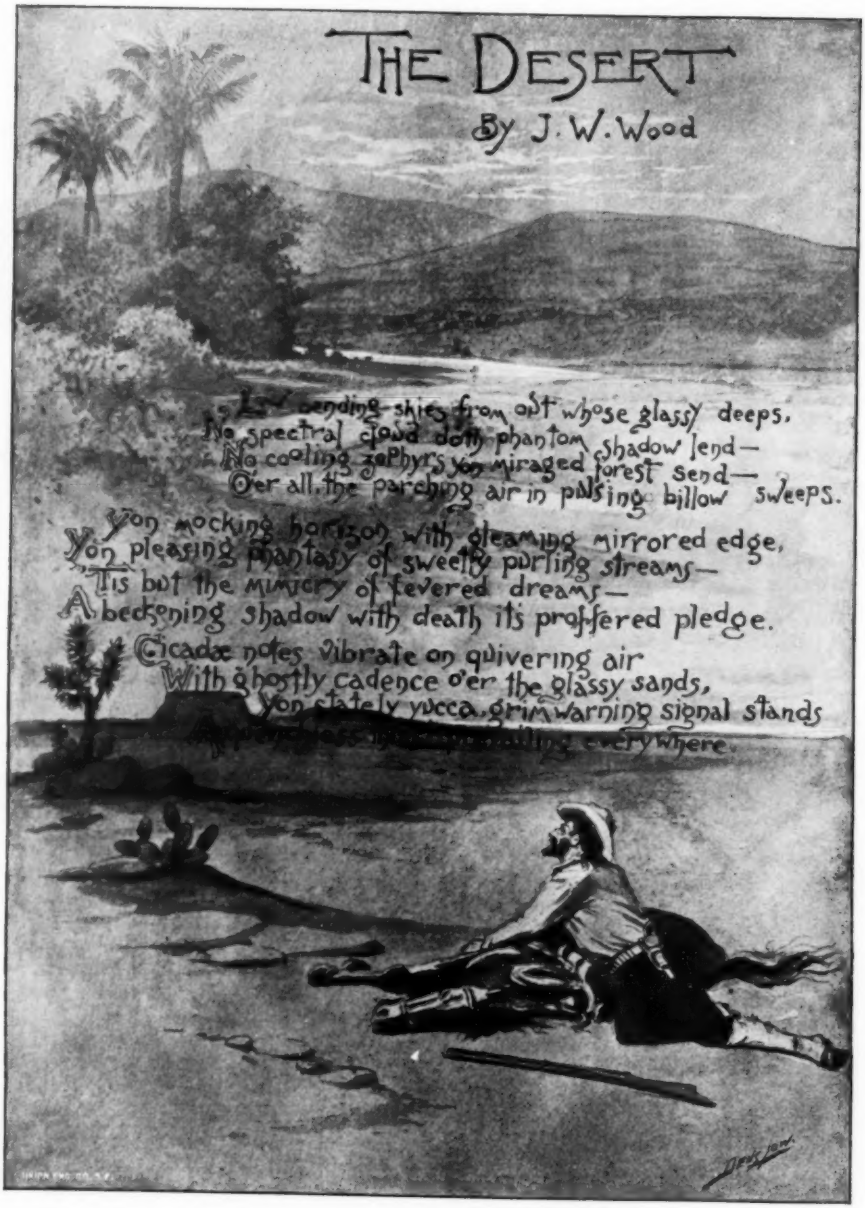
Soda Butte.

Yellowstone Park is the boudoir of

Geyserites from Fire Hole Basin.

all-in-all nature, wherein she has stored a rare, multifarious collection of curios and countless samples of her work, placed side by side, each after its own kind—the fair and foul, the simple and grand, the lovely and revolting, the colossal and the fairy form, and the terrifying and the delightful.

Coulter and Bridger have passed away, but the geysers, which they gazed upon awe-stricken, still raise aloft their columns in testimony of the truthfulness of their marvelous tales; the boiling caldrons which they had the courage to draw near to still hoarsely shout out asservations of their veracity. Where those bold pioneer trappers and Bannock Indians roamed through the pathless valleys, wagon-roads have been constructed and broad trails have been cut; where they broiled their trout or venison steak over their lonely camp-fires, hotels and lunch stations now stand, and along the route by which, perchance they silently entered Wonderland, the steam car of the Northern Pacific Railroad hurries with noise and racket. But bold and brave as they were, where even they dared not to tread, men of science have risked their lives in investigating the phenomena which gained for the region the name by which Satan's realm is known. Honor be to them, and especially to the memory of Professor Hayden through whose exertions the bill for the reservation of the Yellowstone National Park was brought before Congress.


THE DESERT
By J. W. Wood
Unbending skies from out whose glassy deeps,
No spectral cloud doth phantom shadow lend—
No cooling zephyrs yon miraged forest send—
O'er all the parching air in pulsing billow sweeps.
Yon mocking horizon with gleaming mirrored edge,
Yon pleasing phantasy of sweetly purling streams—
'Tis but the mimicry of fevered dreams—
A beckoning shadow with death its proffered pledge.
Cicadæ notes vibrate on quivering air
With ghostly cadence o'er the glassy sands,
Yon stately yucca, grim warning signal stands
everywhere.

THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THE first Europeans to look upon the Bay of San Francisco were Captain Portola and Father Crespi, who, in November, 1769, had been sent by Junipero Serra from San Diego to found a mission on the Bay of Monterey, but who missed the object of their search, and, continuing their march northward, reached the tongue of the peninsula. The early navigators had failed to detect from the decks of their ocean-traversing ships the narrow entrance which the jealous hills, loath to reveal it to aggressive strangers, concealed from sight—an entrance into one of the finest harbors in the world and destined to become the gateway for ships of all nations to a great metropolis. It was left to a travel-worn friar and the captain of his escort to make the discovery by land. They did not foresee, however, as they gazed—perchance from the Twin Peaks or Telegraph Hill—on the blue expanse of waters furrowed by no craft larger than an Indian's canoe, that in less than a century its shore-line would bristle with the masts of hundreds of vessels, that clouds of dark smoke from scores of steamers and tugboats would hang heavy in its superincumbent atmosphere, and great ships from all quarters of the globe would ride at anchor on its bosom.

But it was not for the servants of St. Francis, carrying his processional cross, to introduce great progress. They were content to teach their proselytes to sow cereals, plant fruit trees and garden stuff, cultivate their vines of mission grapes and tend their herds. Nor did the settlers who followed them from Mexico advance much beyond that primitive stage of development. An epoch of pastoral life marked Spanish and Mexican rule in California.

In August, 1775, a vessel, the *San Carlos*, commanded by Lieutenant Ayala, who had been sent from Monterey, sailed through what is now called the Golden Gate. This was the first vessel reported by authentic record as having cast anchor in the Bay of San Francisco. Then a military post was established on the Presidio reservation, the Mission was founded, and very soon after a few adobe buildings were erected on the shore of the Cove which formerly existed between Clark's Point and Rincon Hill. The first settlement was called Yerba Buena, the name of a fragrant wild herb that grew in abundance on the surrounding hills.

For many years these early settlers led a secluded life, their only means of communication with the outside world being the occasional arrival of a trading vessel for a cargo of hides and tallow or of a whaling ship in search of food and water. Commerce could hardly be said to exist, and stagnation waved her indolent pinions over the land, hiding in their shadows the treasures she had not the energy to discover. After California became

Mexican territory, the commerce of the port slightly increased.

A few adventurous Englishmen found their way to the distant place. In 1844, Yerba Buena contained fourteen houses and about sixty inhabitants, and began to attract the attention of enterprising Americans; in 1846, the United States sloop of war *Portsmouth* took formal possession of the town; on January 30th, 1847, its name was changed to that of San Francisco, and at the close of the same year the inhabitants numbered about eight hundred. Then Marshall's little boy picked up the yellow pebbles from the gravelly bed of the historic stream, and the discovery of gold was accomplished.

And now the fame of California's auriferous deposits was carried to all quarters of the globe. The Bay of San Francisco became the objective point of thousands of adventurers, and ships sailed in through the Golden Gate, laden with passengers and freight. It was the beginning of the era of development and progress.

When the first rush was over and commerce and trade were fairly established, the city grew apace. Sandhills were removed, the bay was encroached upon, and the Cove of Yerba Buena was filled in. Old landmarks disappeared, and the aspect of the city's site was greatly altered. It was not an inviting spot to select for an urban location, but the first settlers had no idea that a great metropolis was destined to be built upon it. Only a small area of level land lay along the beach, behind which a succession of hills covered with chaparral, sand dunes and bogs

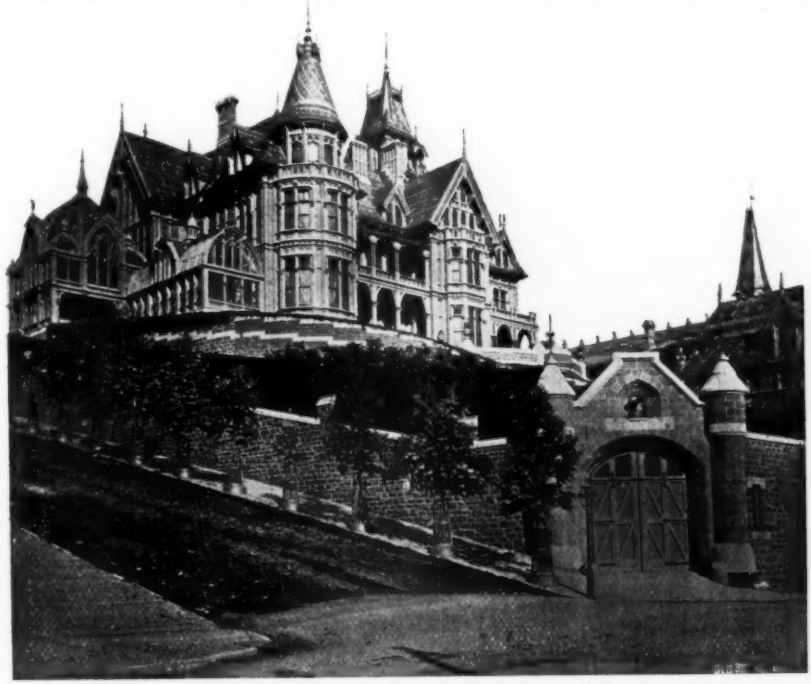
The Bay from Nob Hill.

stretched to the valley wherein the Mission was situated.

The fact is, that the city was thrust upon it by force of circumstances, and radical changes had to be made. As it now appears with its hilltops crowned with noble residences, and its level sweep of low ground stretching from Kearny street to the water-front, and far along Market street and southward therefrom, a more beautiful or suitable position for a metropolis, as regards picturesqueness and the requirements of commerce and traffic, could hardly be found. The San Francisco of to-day possesses in its variety of magnificent views features unsurpassed by those of any other city in the United States.

With the influx of population, and when the gold excitement had simmered down, men began to turn their attention to the agricultural and other resources of the country, and as these were developed, commerce expanded under the increasing exportations of native products, and the manufacturing industries were introduced.

But the commercial and industrial expansion received serious checks from the stock-gambling craze and the little less prejudicial excitement caused by the real-estate boom which set in when it was expected that transcontinental communication by rail with the East would give the city a tremendous progressive impetus. The prices of lots and blocks reached extravagant heights, and land in certain localities, notably in the Potrero and South San Francisco, was sold at rates that could not be realized to-day, though more than twenty years have elapsed since the fever subsided.



Residence of the late Mark Hopkins.

"Chronicle" Building.

Market Street, looking North.

Under the disastrous effects of the epidemics of wild speculation, many were ruined, and thousands who might otherwise have gained an independence were held fettered to a life of poverty, the wealth of the many was diverted into the hands of the few, and the capital which would otherwise have been employed in legitimate enterprises was recklessly lost for the enrichment of individuals. As late as 1880, the detriment inflicted on progress and prosperity by these excitements was felt, and business in many branches had got to its lowest ebb at the beginning of the last decade. The city, in fact, was outgrowing itself and misdirecting its resources, while the masses were becoming poorer, and to-day we are reaping the benefits of the settling-down-to-common-sense action and the attention to industrial pursuits which followed the delirium men suffered from in their hunger for sudden wealth without toil. The growth of the manufacturing industries, in number and output, the extension of commerce, the stability of the banking institutions, and the steadily rising number of business blocks and private residences, point significantly to the improved condition and more healthy tone of the community.

The Music Garden in the Park.

Market Street, looking North.

While these forces operated with depressed effect, without, however having any power to assail the position of San Francisco as the metrop

olis of California, she nevertheless passed through a dangerous crisis in her infancy, owing to the springing up of a rival for the distinction. As early as 1847 Benicia had been founded by Dr. Semple who figured as a lieutenant in the Bear Flag revolt, and he confidently looked forward to his new town becoming the metropolis of the West. Had it not been for his own fatuity and that of his associates his hopes might have been realized; for, after the destructive fire in San Francisco in May, 1851, a large number of prominent merchants were ready to transfer their business to Benicia, but were deterred from doing so by the exacting terms offered by the landowners. From that time San Francisco has been threatened by no serious competitor.

Odd Fellows Hall.

The stride made in the progress of the city during the last decade can only be exhibited by reference to statistics. In 1880 the value of foreign exports by sea was thirty-five million five hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars; in 1890 it had risen to forty millions one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars. The foreign imports for the same years amounted respectively to thirty-seven million two hundred and forty-one thousand and forty-six million two hundred thousand dollars. In 1880 the output of all the factories in San Francisco was seventy-seven million dollars, and in 1890 one hundred and twenty million dollars. Building operations were represented in 1890 by the erection of two thousand structures at a cost of eleven million dollars as compared with four hundred edifices, costing one million seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars in 1880.

The sums placed on deposit in savings banks are a good index to the progress being made by a community in prosperity, representing, as they do for the most part, the savings of earnings. The amount of the deposits in the banks of that class was forty-

two million six hundred and seven thousand one hundred and forty-five dollars in 1880, and about ninety million dollars in 1890.

These figures speak for themselves and proclaim the growth of the city in wealth, population and industries. Thus we find that during the last ten years the population increased over twenty-seven per centum; that one hundred and forty-six million three hundred and forty-four thousand nine hundred and sixteen dollars has been added to the assessed valuation of property; and that the number of factories has risen from eleven hundred and ninety-four, representing seventy-one different branches of manufacture, to sixteen hundred and thirty-eight, representing eighty-nine branches. This last-mentioned advance gives employment to about eleven thousand more hands than were engaged in factories in 1880, the approximate figures for that year and 1890 being respectively twenty-eight thousand and thirty-nine thousand.

So considerable a portion of her wealth is derived by San Francisco from her manufactures and other industries that it will not be out of place to enumerate a few of the principal ones.

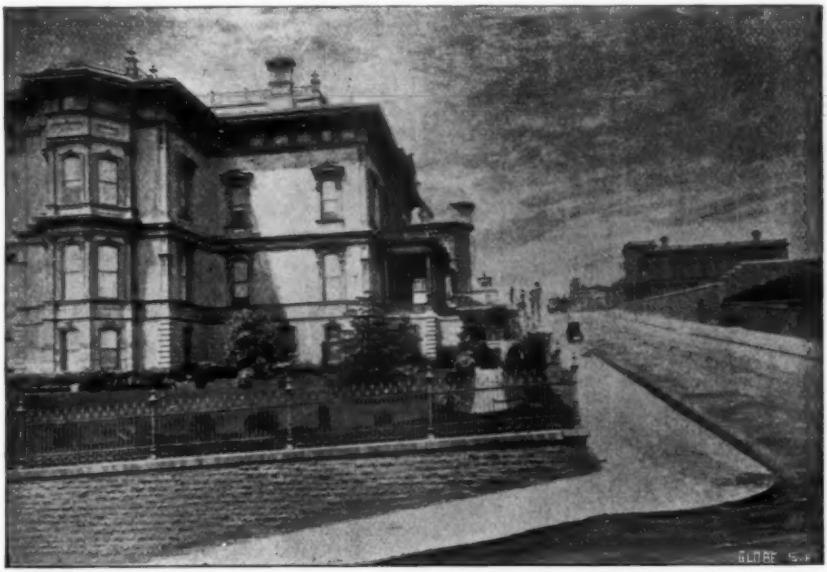
There are no less than twenty-six different branches that, individually, have an annual output to the value of one million dollars or over, the largest of which is that of the two great sugar refineries, amounting to twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These establishments handle annually no less than three hundred and twenty-five million pounds of imported sugars. Next in order of value come the gas works, with a twelve-million dollar output, and then follow the clothing factories, with six million five hundred thousand seven hundred dollars; the iron foundries, six million five hundred thousand dollars; the sash and door

Calvary Church.

New City Hall.

factories, five million dollars; tinware, four million five hundred thousand dollars, and breweries, three million nine hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars.

As far back as 1849 Peter Donahue established a blacksmith's shop in Happy Valley, but he did not know that he was laying the foundation to an immense business, and did not foresee the evolution from that small beginning of workshops and plant capable of building great war vessels



Stanford Residence. California Street. Flood Residence.

such as the *Charleston*, *San Francisco* and *Oregon*.

Besides the prominent industries mentioned San Francisco possesses factories that turn out almost all the commodities required by a civilized community. Furniture and musical instruments, billiard tables, carriages and wagons, harness, barrels, wooden boxes, cordage and twine, artificial stone, and dozens of other necessities are produced in this progressive city. She has her rolling mills and ship-yards, her tanneries and malt-houses, her wool-scouring, provision-packing, and fruit establishments, her flour and feed mills and oil refineries, her soap and cigar factories, the last being in the hands of those interlopers, the Chinese.

In one important industry only has San Francisco been unsuccessful, and that is the manufacture of woolen goods. At this date there are not more than half the number of woolen factories in operation in the State that there were ten years ago. This decline is principally due to the cost of production, high wages and the high price of fuel, making competition with Eastern manufacturers impossible. The cost of coal in San Francisco is on an average three times higher than in the East, while the average daily wage in woolen factories was more than one-third higher.

Ship-building, on the contrary, can compete successfully with the East. The gold fever, with its attendant

demand for transportation facilities, gave a start to this industry as early as the winter of 1848–49, and in the sixties shipbuilding became common, not only on the bay and river, but also along the coast. The first ocean steamer built entirely in California is said to have been the *Del Norte*, which was launched in San Francisco December 14th, 1864. She had a one hundred and eighty-seven-foot keel, and was fitted up with eighteen staterooms. The boilers were made in San Francisco, the engine being taken from an old steamer, the *Republic*. There are now six shipyards in the city which last year turned out thirty-three vessels, the aggregate value of which was three million five hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

With the increase of trade an increase of banking facilities was necessary, and since January 1st, 1880, six new commercial and two new savings banks have been incorporated, raising the total number of such establishments to twenty-three. Probably no institutions have been so practically successful in the United States as mutual loan associations; San Francisco has over forty of such incorporations, all of which seem to prosper.

Looking at the city from some elevated spot few are the points on its site which the old-timer can single out as exhibiting little alteration. Southward, westward and northward from the foot of Market street the city spreads over hills and along hollows, covering the ground for miles. Where scrub oak clothed the hillsides stately residences have been built, streets have been opened over eminences and cable cars ply up and down steep slopes whereon erstwhile

The Mission Hills from Jefferson Square.

the hunter used to pant in his search for quail and the cotton-tail rabbit.

In San Francisco the street railroad system is remarkably efficient and extensive, and the confidence with which enterprising capitalists have engaged in supplying the public with so convenient and thorough a means of personal transport in every direction is a noticeable indication of the increasing absolute requirements of the growing community. San Francisco can proudly boast of having built and put in operation the first cable line ever invented and having almost discarded from her streets the inefficient effete horse-car. The Clay Street Company's line was the first to be put in operation. That was in 1873, and the success was so marked that other cable tracks were soon constructed, the Sutter street line being opened in 1877, and the California street line in 1878. Then followed the Presidio railroad and Geary street line in 1880, and in 1883 the Market street system was changed. Since then the development of this means of travel has been rapid. A net-work of new cable-lines is spread between the four cardinal points, all over the city north of Market street, and the work is still going on. In January, 1891, the number of cable roads was nineteen aggregating fifty-three miles of double track and giving employment to one thousand five hundred men. The gross earnings of these lines for the year previous to that date was three million five hundred thousand dollars, a sum twice as large as that earned by the street-car systems in 1880. This progressive move has aided greatly in directing population to localities which, owing to want of easy access, would long have remained but sparsely inhabited.

The Conservatory in the Park.

The Mint.

Some of these lines surmount numerous hills, the streets over which are almost unavailable to horse and wagon on account of their steepness. Horse-car tracks will soon be things of the past. The owners of the Mission street, the Second street and Battery and the Central Railroad Company's lines still stick to horse-power, and figure as illustrators of waning institutions and as non-progressive members of a progressive community.

Numerous additions have been made to the city from time to time, the Western Addition and the Mission having been great contributors to its extension, while the Point Lobos district presents an equally attractive field for still farther advance westward. This great district may be generally described as lying between Golden Gate Park and the Presidio and extending from Lone Mountain to the Ocean beach. A large portion of it has been lately graded and sewered at an expense of nearly a million dollars, and with the prospect of a cable line to be constructed through it, its position with regard to the Park, the Cliff House, and the reservation grounds of the Presidio, the three principal suburban resorts, the inducements it offers as a desirable residence locality will doubtless attract the next tidal wave of population.

Many and continuous have been the improvements carried on in the suburbs and other parts of the growing city during the last decade, prominent among which has been the building of a large portion of the seawall along North Beach. Two sections of this great work were completed in 1880, but various interruptions retarded it for several years. The city has now at least six thousand feet of the wall completed, constructed at a cost of one million three hundred thousand dollars.

Nob Hill.

In an architectural point of view the city of San Francisco will admit of much improvement in the future; and even lately in the construction of new buildings in the business part of the city some attention to taste in design may be noticed. The possibility of a severe earthquake has probably had much to do with the

Trinity Church. Synagogue. Pacific Union Club.

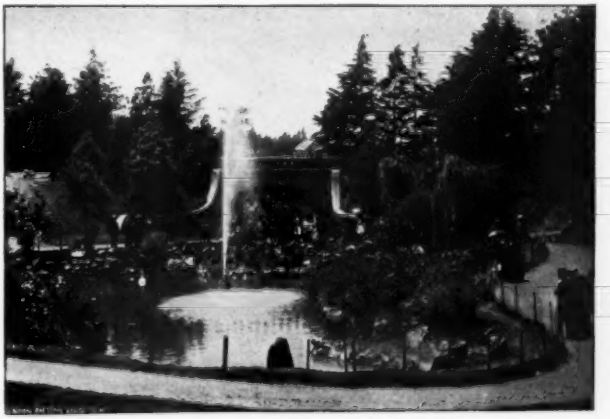
Union Square.

Residence of Mrs. D. D. Colton.

absence of external ornamentation on most large business structures. Strength and durability are the principal desiderata in such edifices, and one of the first recommendations that a new building can possess is that it has been constructed on the best and latest earthquake-proof plans. During the last ten years brick and stone have been used in much larger quantities than formerly, and terra cotta which was not known in 1880 is now in demand for decorative facing.

While the buildings in the business portion of San Francisco are noticeable for, their plainness most of the private residences of the wealthy and well-to do people are handsome and ornamental. The houses that have been lately put up on Van Vess avenue and west of it, on California street and in other parts display in their costly exterior work the desire of their owners to avoid architectural ugliness. Following in the wake of prosperity and wealth came comfort and luxury, and while the homes of the mechanic and industrious workman are free from the disagreeableness of poverty and are provided with all necessary comforts, the mansions of the rich are replete with luxuries of every kind.

But San Francisco's growth has not been confined to the city's topographical extension and to commercial

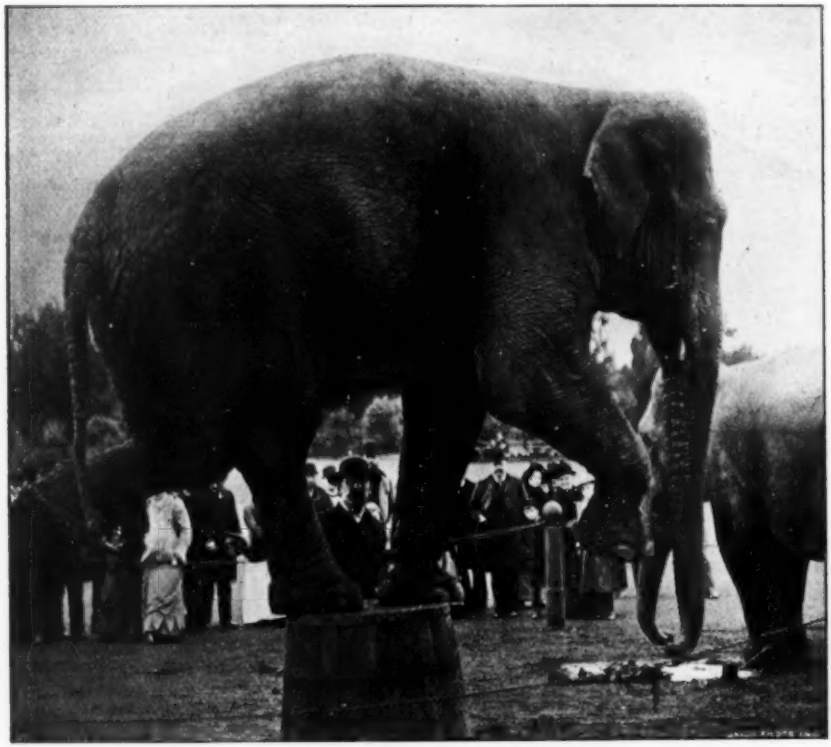


In the Park.

and industrial development. Literature, science and art, the ready followers in the wake of the initial success of every new city soon made their appearance. Art is fostered and flourishes; literature and science have not been neglected and the press has thrived and produced writers of renown, while native born artists and sculptors have won fame in Europe and the Eastern states.

Moreover, the number of her institutions has kept pace with the increase of San Francisco's population. She has her public and private schools, her art galleries and studios, her schools of design, and lecture halls and concert rooms. She has her benevolent societies and charitable institutions, asylums for the aged, the orphan, and the blind, her hospitals for the sick and reformatory establishments for the young; she has mutual aid societies, Masonic orders and clubs of all denominations.

The metropolis of the West is growing—growing rapidly. She is progressive and prosperous. The primitive semaphore on Telegraph Hill is a bygone institution. The inhabitants of San Francisco now converse with each other though miles apart, and the telegraph conveys their messages to the most distant parts of the world. Few of modern inventions have they not utilized and few of modern improvements have they not availed themselves of in their prosperity. Who

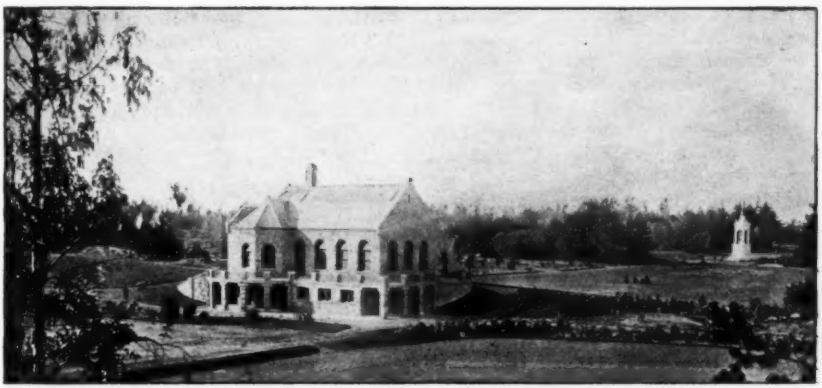


The Children's Day at the Golden Gate Park.

could have foreseen even among the "City Builders" themselves, the vast change that San Francisco has undergone during the last four decades? And who can picture to himself the changes that will be effected in the next four? Of the old wooden houses hastily put up in the fifties few remain; where crewless sailing vessels lay idle for months during that wild delirium that attacked all who entered the Golden Gate merchant ships and steamers of thousands of tons of burden come and go laden with rich cargoes; along streets whereon the pioneer splashed through the mud, heavy freight wagons ply to and fro and the ceaseless hum of a busy population, the noise of commerce, and the rattle of carriages deafen the unaccustomed ear.

Yet much still remains to be done in San Francisco both in the way of material improvement and intellectual advancement and the speediness or slow-footedness with which she proceeds on her progressive career depends upon the enterprise, the public spirit and lofty aims of those members of the community—be they millionaires or city fathers—who have risen to wealth or power by the exceptional opportunities that have been held out to them in California.

But the external improvements of a city, its embellishment by architectural adornment, and its ability to apply to its own use modern inventions and discoveries in science made during this hot race in the march of progress, depend upon the forces which promote prosperity; and the directors of such forces are those who devote themselves to the encouragement of the manufacturing industries, to the development of the resources of the country, and to the intellectual advancement of the people. A community can have no truer benefactors than the promoters of the arts and sciences which soften off the hardness of human nature, furnish occupation, food and recreation for the mind, and elevate the intellect. In this age neglect of intellectual pursuits means retrogression, and it is in those pursuits especially that we would see San Francisco prosper and thrive; of material prosperity she is assured by the great natural resources that contribute to it; of her people's mental enjoyments and happiness they themselves will be the cultivators, reaping as they shall have sown.



Children's House in Golden Gate Park.

A GLIMPSE OF TWO PRESIDENTS.

BY WILLIAM F. CHANNING, M. D.

THE first railroad wheels were feebly stirring on the Atlantic seaboard. For twenty years, steamboats had paddled, first experimentally, then slowly, on Eastern sounds and rivers. The course of empire had crossed the Mississippi on its westward way, and had reached the great bend of the Missouri. A third of the present century had nearly passed, when General Andrew Jackson undertook a presidential tour to New England—a more formidable enterprise then than now. With him, from the straggling Capital of the country, went distinguished Cabinet officials, and the Vice-President, Martin Van Buren, the reputed power behind the throne, making an imposing array in procession, in open carriages and on horseback, through the streets of Boston.

The program of General Jackson included a reception of the people in the Senate Chamber of the Massachusetts State House. It is with this reception that we are immediately concerned. A great throng gathered, and the crush in the shadow of the dome outside became hydraulic pressure within the building, forcing the crowd slowly through narrow halls, and finally discharging them expansively and breathless into the great presence. There they were rapidly formed in single file and marched before the President, who stood on a slightly raised platform, tall and erect, in military dignity. As each one in the line approached and passed him, General Jackson bowed. The writer was there, as a small boy, caught by the crowd, and literally pressed into the pageant. As the supreme moment of approach arrived, the man next in front of him sprang out of the line with outstretched arm and said: "General, I want to shake hands with you."

"Sir," said General Jackson, "I cannot shake hands with everybody, but I can bow to everybody," and he bowed. This was the precise utterance of the President, whose echoes have outlasted sixty years.

On the evening of the 4th of March, 1865, more than thirty years later, the writer found himself in the grand assemblage surrounding the White House, on the occasion of Lincoln's last reception. The war had practically ended, and this evening was Lincoln's greatest popular ovation. The East Room was already filled with a throng of men and women, more brilliant and distinguished than it had ever held before—a part of the vast pilgrimage drawn to Washington by the second inauguration of the President, who had freed four millions of slaves, and had given to his country a new era of national life. Only a lane was left open through the magnificent East Room for the passage of the living tide, bringing its tribute of respect to the greatest of our Presidents. The crowd without—all bearing the impress of an historic occasion—were admitted in detachments by the guards at the entrance of the White House. Within the building they were marshalled in single file, and passed in review before the President.

Lincoln stood in the East Room on a slight elevation, towering with his height of over six feet above all around him. His face, which had been called homely, was positively beautiful with a kindly smile as he shook hands with each one who approached him. His hands were gloved in white, a feeble shield from the coming pressure of many thousand

hands. As the long line advanced, it was pitiful to watch the continuous shaking of the hand of the President and hero, whom all had come to greet with reverence and affection. As the writer's turn arrived, he bowed, without offering a hand, and sought to pass on. Mr. Lincoln read the thought, held out his hand, and said: "I wish to shake hands with you." So, not only hands were grasped, but a word was spoken.

The contrast between these glimpses of two Presidents suggests something more than the incidents themselves. In the one, General Jackson refused his hand to an enthusiastic political friend. In the other, Lincoln volunteered his hand to a stranger, reluctant to claim it. What balance shall we strike between these opposite traits? In this country we disdain court etiquette, but justly value forms of fraternity. The shaking of hands often is a graceful as well as gracious act. Between friends, the taking of the hand is a favorite mode of distributing that form of radiant and inductive energy which we call Life, and know almost nothing about. But do we not carry this social ceremonial too far when we abandon it to the public, without discrimination or safeguard from rough usage? Carpenter, Lincoln's biographer, states that his hand was painfully swollen after undergoing the ordeal of hand-shaking at his reception.

The precedent established by General Jackson, so long ago, with its stiffness slightly relaxed, may perhaps satisfy democratic aspirations and lead to a solution of the question. The American people will readily adapt themselves to any simple form which expresses respect and good-will for the representative of their nationality and power.

THREE MINSTRELS.

BY ANNA M. REED.

The minstrels sing, at dawn and dark,
  And through the slumberous, golden noon,
The dove, the robin and the lark,
  Here at the threshold of the June.
At dawn the robin's matin song,
  Is first to wake the dreaming notes,
And while its changes still prolong,
  The Angelus rings clear and strong,
From out a myriad yellow throats,
  Then, as the daylight waxes dim,
The wood dove coos its vesper hymn.
  The robin at the early dawn—
The lark at noon—at dark the dove—
  Three minstrels—but the theme is love.

JIM BARKER—A TAVERN IDYL.

BY W. A. ELDERKIN, U. S. A

I

———*Jim?*

Who's *Jim*, ye say? W'y, ole 'Si Barker's son—
Lived over 'yond th' swamp, by Jones'es run:
He's dead, ole 'Si is—thirty year ago
He got t'spreein' round 'n drinkin' so
'T it knockt 'im out—'*N you nev'r heerd o' Jim?*
Wal, I'll be derned! Thought *ev'ry one* know'd him—
An', I tell *you*, folks gen'lly's ben perlite
T' Jim—'les they was spilin' f'r a fight.

II

———*Fight?*

Jim Barker *fight?* Wal, stranger, I sh'd say—
W'y fightin', t' *Jim*, wa'nt nothin' more'n play!
Ther' wasn't nary man in all *our* town
'T could bully 'm a bit, 'r back 'im down!
He'd sooner fight 'n *eat*—partic'ler when
He was 'n likker; 'n then a dozen men
Couldn't hold 'im back 'f he once got up 'is "*mad*"—
He wanted t' punch some feller's head so bad.

III

———*Tough?*

Jim Barker *tough?* Wal, I sh'd rather smile!
Th' wasn't ary chap in *forty mile*
Th't dast t' walk up fair an' tackle Jim!
'N folks know'd better 'n t' fool with him,
'R come 'round snookin' int' his affairs.
'N he wouldn't have no dog-on city *airs*
Ne'ther, nor *sass*—jes' let some man begin it,
An' Jim'd rise up 'n thrash 'im in a minit!

IV

———*Big?*

Jim Barker *big?* Wal, six foot two 'n 'is socks,
'R sumth'n like that—'n pow'rful as an ox!
Muss'ls like biler ir'n, 'n brawny chest—
Y'ought t' 'a *seen* Jim Barker at 'is best,
A strutt'n 'long 'n swagg'rin' like a Don
With 's pants 'n 'is boots, 'n a sash wi' tossles on!
Th' was them p'rhaps 't had more nolidge'n him,
But'n *fightin'* they didn't stan' no show with Jim.

V

———*Do?*

What'd Jim *do?*—Do f'r a *livin'* y'mean?
Wal'e hadn't no reg'lar trade, as ev'r I seen:
He work'd aroun' sometimes a choppin' wood,
'N'is wife she did some washin', w'en she could—
Tho' once'n awhile her strength 'd seem t'fail 'er,
'N when it came t'*that* w'y Jim 'ud whale 'er—
Jim didn't 'ntend t'act no ways unhuman,
But 'e hadn't no use f'r a lazy triflin' woman.

VI

———*When?*

When'd all this happ'n 'bout Jim? Wal, now—le's see—
It must 'a ben some time 'fore *sixty-three*,
F'r that's th' year 't they come 'n drafted 'im
Into th' Fed'ral army—poor ole Jim!
Y'see he would'nt 'nlist wen th' war broke out,
'Cos in 'is mind 'e had consid'ble doubt
'S to whether th' guv'ment's course was 'xac'ly *right*—
But 'wasn't 'ut Jim was 'tall afraid t'fight!

VII

———*'Fraid*

Jim Barker 'fraid t'*fight*? Wal—I guess not!
'N more 'n *one* man in town a thrashin' got
F'r sinuatin't Jim did'n' *dast* t'go!
Jim Barker '*fraid*? W'y'e pound'd one feller so
'T they had t'call th'village doctor in
T'straighten 'is neck 'n splinter up 'is chin!
'N that same day Jim licked a Baptis' preacher,
'N a barber, 'n a jedge, 'n a lop-eared singin' teacher.

VIII

———*Draft?*

Wal', yes—they fine'ly ketched 'im in th' draft
An' march'd 'im off t'camp—'n people laughed
T'see 'im kick, f'r 'e took it *speshul* hard
Jim did—'n they had t'put 'im under guard
F'r quite a while! He swore't 'e *wouldn't go!*
But w'en 'e saw 'bout 'leven doz'n 'r so
O' them sharp bay'nets shinin' in 'is face,
Meek as a little lam' Jim took 'is place.

IX

———*Git on?*

How'd Jim git *on*, ye say? Wal—pass'ble well
As far's I know—tho' of'en I've heerd tell
'Ut he was al'ays makin' lots o' noise
About 'is *grub*. They say't he told th' boys
'T ther' army rashuns wasn't fit t' eat—
'N he cussed th' guv'ment beans, 'n dam'd th' meat!
But *some* 'o them, 't happn'd t' know 'im, swore
'Ut Jim had never grubbed so rich b'fore.

X

———*Move?*

Oh, yes—th' rig'ment moved th' last o' May—
But Jim was too dern'd clumsy 'n big, they say,
T' march 'n the ranks 'thout duckin' down 'is head,
So they made 'im a *gen'ral!*—that was w'at 'e said
In one o' his letters home—"*Right gen'ral guide,*"
W'atever *that* is—good many tho't 'e *lied!*
F'r what 'n time 'd *he* ever know 'bout war?
'N what 'ud they 'pint Jim *Barker gen'ral* for?

XI

———*Front?*

When'd th' rig'ment git t' th' *front?* Wal—'long 'n Septemb'r
'R mebbe 'twas sooner 'n that—don't quite rememb'r—
'Twas 'bout th' time 't th' army was gittin' across
Th' Tenn'ssee river—*you* know!—*Rosecrans* was boss—
Jim *wanted* t' fight! 'N he 'lowed 't he wasn't afraid
O' th' hull reb'l army! He *knew* he c'd lick a *brigade!*
'N then, on th' left, th' *artillery* started t' firin'—
'N Jim w's took sick with a cramp—come nigh 'xpirin'!

XII

———*What then?*

Wal—Jim got better's th' firin' quit that night—
Nex' day began th' Chickamauga fight:
Lord, w'at a *muss* they did kick up all 'round!
Big bustin' shells come plowin' up th' ground,
'N cannons bang'd, 'n bullets kept a flyin',
'N right 'n left was wounded men 'n dyin'—
'Til after dark, 'n then th' boys got warnin'
T' lay down on the'r arms 'n wait t'l morning.

XIII

———More *fight'n?*

You bet y'r life! W'en Sunday mornin' came
They started in ag'in! Both sides was game,
'N both a try'n the'r best to win the fight!
Jim an' th' boys was posted to'rds th' right
F'r quite awhile—then later in th' day
They march'd 'em back a mile 'r two this way
'N put 'em in 'longside of Sher'dans men,
Not fur, they said, from th' house o' Widder Glenn.

XIV

Come *out?*

Wal, s'posed ye *know'd* how things come out that day—
Some time 'fore noon, our centre'n right giv 'way:
Th' lines got broke, 'n th' rebs come pilin' through
T'l th' didn't seem a blam'd thing left t' do
But face t' th' rear an' jes' git up 'n *git!*
'N, stranger, sum o' them rebs is crowin' yit—
Our boys was sartin', w'en the fight begun,
'T they'd come out best—but t'other fellers won.

XV

Blame?

F'r losin' the battle? Who'd I 'low's t' blame?
Wal, I don't really *know;* but's all the same
Now 'ts over. I'm dead sure it wasn't *Jim,*
Cos' *he wa'n't in it!* 'T wouldn't be like him
T' stan' up ther 'n a line, like kids at school,
'N be shot 'n killed, perhaps! Jim wa'n't no fool!
So 'e run a bay'net clear up through 'is ear,
'N cuv'r'd wi' blood went limpin' t' th' rear.

XVI

What's come o' Jim?

W'y 'is head swell'd up, 'n he got a hackin' cough,
'N th' doctors 'low'd ' his *mind* was sort o' off,
'N 't he wouldn't be no 'count f'r months t' come,
So 'e got discharged 'n started back f'r home.

* * * * *

Folks *thinks* a lot sometimes 't they never *mention*—
F'r nigh on thirty years he's drew a *pension!*
'N *they say:* Wal! *ther's Jim comin', sure as fat!*
Guess I'll be goin' stranger, 'ts gittin late.

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR.

A LADY'S JOURNAL.

(*Commenced in January number.*)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

WE were now in a deplorable condition. All vessels avoided us as though the island was a pest-house; the gunboats had been ordered away and our isolation was complete.

The coming in of the U. S. S. *Galena*, with its pleasant officers, seemed to be just the stimulus we needed to break the spell the events of the past summer had woven about us, and we made a desperate effort at sociability. The officers were entertained by those on the island, and a fishing party made up for all who wished to go out into the gulf. The officers of the *Galena* gave an entertainment on board ship. It was moonlight, so bright and clear that every rope and spar was visible, and the gaily decorated steamer made an exceedingly picturesque ball room. It was an evening we looked back upon with extreme pleasure. The officers had left nothing undone, and we lingered into the small hours, rowing back in the soft, cool night, with the feeling that the cloud had lifted and this was a beginning of brighter days.

On the sixteenth of September a steamer arrived with seventy prisoners, and the news confirming the truth of the report of Sherman's characteristically modest dispatch: "Atalanta is ours and fairly won," on the second of September. Such news gave us hope that the end of the war might be near.

The first dress parade after so many weeks of quiet occasioned great excitement. All the ladies went out under the trees to show the soldiers their delight at their recovery and return to duty. On the eighteenth the *Galena* returned. Captain Wells and Doctor Wright took tea and spent the evening with us—a commonplace item to read, but to us then an event of importance.

The adjutant, Mr. Lowe, came over the morning following to ask us to join a party at Loggerhead, but we were engaged to dine on board the steamer—a greater pleasure, for it was almost like going from the island, where we had begun to feel the restraint of being prisoners in our own homes. I wondered if Captain Wells realized the pleasure he was giving us. Hardly, as he could not understand what the past four months had been to us; and as there was so little variety in the way of food, that even a Bermuda potato savored of feasting, and the very thought of cooking unlike our own, away from the inside of those sun-reflecting brick walls, was appetizing.

During the autumn, New Orleans steamers stopped occasionally at the island, and our three boats—*Non-*

pareil, *Tortugas* and *Matchless*—kept us in communication with the outside world.

The nineteenth brought the steamer *Merrimac* with the news of the re-election of Lincoln, which gave great rejoicing. It brought a large mail and one hundred and thirty more prisoners. We could not but wonder what the people of the North considered the capacity of Fort Jefferson, bounded by the sea on all sides, but the new-comers were made comfortable, as it was cool weather.

The northers followed each other at short intervals. My husband went to Key West on business, and during his absence the mercury went down to fifty-four degrees, and people went about with their hands in their pockets and heads bent forward, as if they were breasting a northern snowstorm.

The gulf took on a cold, leaden color, and every one felt the benefit of the bracing change of temperature.

The New Orleans steamer now brought a few prisoners whom we took great interest in, as we understood their confinement to be a temporary affair. They were cotton brokers, and one of them especially attracted our attention. He used to sit under the trees in front of our quarters, looking so sad and dejected that one day my son approached him. He found that the man had a little boy about his age, and it led to many conversations about him and his home which enlisted all his sympathies, and I had no doubt were equally helpful to the stranger.

Very much to our satisfaction, these last prisoners were sent back to New Orleans in a few weeks. Many of them committed their misdemeanors through ignorance or unwillingness to submit to an over-bearing superior, who might have been a companion or neighbor, but who, invested with the brief authority, had not learned the art of using it wisely.

The doctor had such a nice appearing man (although they were all called boys) that I asked my house boy Ellsworth if he knew what crime the other had committed, as he was perfectly temperate and trustworthy. The reply was in the Yankee dialect peculiar to him: "Well, you see he was in the first battle of Bull Run, and when the commanding officer gave the order to retreat, he never stopped 'till he got clear to Vermont; and you see, that was a leetle too fur." I understood. Desertion in the early part of the war was treated more leniently than in those later days, and he could well be content with his punishment.

After awhile I had to change "boys" again, and Ellsworth advised my taking a friend of his named Charley. Many of them, I imagined, enlisted under fictitious names. "Charley" was a great stout fellow, weighing two hundred, who proved to be a treasure in many ways. As he was rather modest, he consequently often astonished me with some new talent in his capacity of cook and housework generally. One day I surprised him sewing, and asked him the secret of his many accomplishments.

He told me that his mother had no daughter; that they lived in the country, and she had taught him to do almost everything, and he had found it of great service while in the army. He blushed like a girl, while he admitted that he could sew very well, but he preferred to do other things.

The *Nightingale* on her return trip brought General Newton and Doctor Cormick, with the colonel of the regiment, on their way to Cedar Keys on a tour of inspection, and they invited my husband to accompany them. He had wished very much to go up the coast, and needed the change after such close confinement, so he joined the party, returning on the seventh of December, having had a delightful trip.

They brought us all the news of Sherman's march to the sea, as far as

Milledgeville, which he captured on the twenty-third of November. The excitement at the post was intense; the soldiers were wild with enthusiasm, for if the seaboard was ours, the cordon would soon be complete, and victory must be near. Nothing had given us such great courage as this news.

The first of the new year, 1865, we had a great deal of sickness in the form of chills, followed by attacks of fever. This may have been caused by having too many successive northers with rain, making it unhealthy, for the dampness was very apparent even in the houses, although at such times we kept fire on the hearth.

There had been rumors of a colored regiment being ordered to Tortugas, but no mention as a relief of the One Hundred and Tenth. We could not help being apprehensive and somewhat alarmed. From the manners of the officers, we knew they were anxious. Some surmised that it was to reinforce the guard over so many prisoners, and that the One Hundred and Tenth would not be disturbed.

My husband's labors on behalf of the prisoners during the epidemic brought pleasing recognition from Washington, making him feel that we were not forgotten even if on the jumping off place of the union.

He infused new life in both men and prisoners, inventing all kinds of devices for their occupation as so many workmen could not well be utilized. Realizing that there must be some more potent power used to rouse the men he resorted to amusement. Obtaining consent of Colonel Hamilton, he issued an order that every body that could sing a song, tell a story, dance a jig, perform tricks of any kind should report at his office the next morning. The motley forlorn, disconsolate-looking crowd that gathered the following day would have inspired an artist. They had no idea of anything pleasant for them, and were so wretched and hopeless they looked more as if they were going to an execution, than recruits as a nucleus of a theatrical performance.

The Doctor said it was most amusing to watch the expression of their faces as he began to divulge his scheme; and when they really understood that he was going to do something for their benefit, it was magical. Some who had crawled up the stairs as though they were literally on their last legs, before the conference was over had danced a hornpipe or a jig; others had shown their skill at gymnastics; songs were sung, and the talents displayed was almost an embarrassment of riches, while the crowd could scarcely be recognized as the moping, listless one that came in.

The Doctor told them they could form a minstrel troupe first, for which twenty-five cents admittance would be charged, the proceeds to be expended in better food and proper medicine. The result showed, however, that medicine would require a small part of the proceeds so great an effect had the mind upon the body. They went away talking and laughing, suggesting schemes and other men who could be brought into service, for it proved that there were men in the fort of every vocation—actors, trapeze performers and good singers,and the troupe that resulted from this small beginning was creditable for any amateur performance.

The Doctor was the manager, hearing all the rehearsals, so that everything was in good taste, and the result was a most satisfactory entertainment for everybody. One thing suggested another, and the outlook for many pleasant evenings for all the residents was inspiring. The energy and talent developed was quite overpowering, while the effect upon the health of these poor creatures was almost magical. A drop curtain was painted by the Doctor, which was a great success and very effective. It represented Loggerhead Light on the island; the lighthouse being made realistic by the

means of pin holes, showing rays of light from a candle, notwithstanding it occasionally gave the effect of a revolving light, probably caused by the unsteadiness of the support of the candle behind the curtain.

The long expected Negro Regiment arrived the afternoon of the 26th of January, 1865, and was packed away in all the available places, one company being in the casemates back of our kitchen.

The officers were fine looking men and the privates stalwart healthy negroes, more like real African than any colored people I had ever seen before; they came from Mississippi and Louisiana. They were constantly frolicking and playing games and tricks upon each other, always apparently in the best of humor and evidently very proud of being soldiers.

We occasionally had an excitement which brought home to us our isolated condition. Some of the negro troops became insubordinate; one resisting arrest was shot and wounded near our cottage. One morning I heard the call "Corporal of the Guard Post number three" shouted in loud tones and taken up rapidly by the others. The guard went in response, and upon reaching the rampart found the sentinel looking down upon a man who was apparently standing in the water in the moat. Investigation proved that he was dead. He had attempted to escape by jumping from the port, evidently hoping to reach a vessel in the harbor; but he caught his feet in the tangled weeds growing on the bottom and was drowned, and then his body floated so that his head was out of water, giving him the appearance of standing in it.

In a black silk handkerchief tied around his neck, was found a roll of bills, which must have been sent to him. It was never found out if he had accomplices; his sudden death may have frightened the others and they dared not go to his rescue even, for fear of being discovered. He was an Italian who had enlisted in our army, and, singular to relate, his release came in the following day's mail.

The tardy news that came to us was that the Spring would develop events of importance. It was in the air, yet we heard nothing tangible, and we were as forgotten and let alone, as though we had never been considered of such great consequence in the beginning of the war.

On the eighth of February a steamer came in with a mail from Key West bringing orders for the Ninety-ninth Colored Regiment to go up the coast. A norther came again, laden with icy breath caught from the snowy fields in the North. After it had subsided, a steamer came and took part of the colored troops away, the remainder going on the *Matchless*, while the *Albatross* brought thirty-six more prisoners; they arrived in less numbers as the war dragged its weary days and months along.

The coming of the boat was the incident of the day, always rousing the never-failing interest, caused by our peculiar environment, for there was constantly with us the impression that something decisive had happened; the war might have ended a week before we could know anything about it. Even a fishing-smack might have spoken a steamer and secured a paper or heard verbal news. Upon the arrival of the little steamer *Ella Morse*, on the second of March, 1865, with the news of the occupation of Charleston by our troops on February the eighteenth, the excitement culminated in a general tumult of rejoicing.

We remembered the day when the news of the first gun fired upon Fort Sumter reached our little island; how excited, indignant, and incredulous the small band of officers, who had been sent down from Boston Harbor to protect us, were; and then to fill up the gap with all the horrors of a civil war, and think of the desolate hearths over the length and breadth of the land, whose sorrows would be opened afresh by all this rejoicing that came too late to bring their loved ones

back, who had gone out in the pride of their youth and manhood to give their lives for their country, was heart-breaking in the midst of it all.

When we had guests from the various steamers we surprised and entertained them with all our theatrical stars, as we could announce a performance on very short notice. Some very good comic singers had been developed. One especially, who had served in that capacity in some small theater at the North, always proved a drawing card; and we listened to his funny songs again and again, not infrequently calling him before the tallow-candle footlights several times, when he would astonish us with something he had reserved for just such an occasion. When his time of imprisonment expired we gave him a benefit, and when his old hat, that had performed duty as part of his costume, was returned to him after some soldiers had started it through the "reserved" seats, it contained so many dollars that the comic song he gave in response was almost pathetic.

All this engendered good feeling, and the theater was a blessing in many ways. It had earned money enough to provide all the limes and sanitary food needed, that the hospital had not means or authority to provide, and the amusement had served a purpose that would satisfy a mind-cure scientist of to-day. It was an institution continued long after its real necessity had ceased to exist, for healthful amusements have their uses in prevention as well as cures.

It is hard to understand without some experience the difficulties engendered by the conditions naturally prevailing in such a place as the Dry Tortugas. The soldiers were a class of people ranging from farmers to city boys, naturally restless from the confinement and inactive life incident to a long stay in a fort. The workmen in the engineer department were negroes and white men from New York, who were not the best by any means, especially during the war, as many came to escape the draft, and were worthless, reckless men as citizens. Then came the prisoners, including all kinds of men—good, indifferent, bad, and some dangerous.

My cook told me once, when I asked him about some of the prisoners who were constantly giving trouble, that in the steamer that brought them down they were overladen, packed like emigrants, and there were some who had given trouble all the way, yet not enough to warrant putting them in irons. But he had watched them, as their actions seemed suspicious, and in the night heard them through a thin board partition planning to bore holes in the ship, so that it would sink or partly wreck it, and in the confusion they were to sieze the boats, as there were enough of them to manage the crew, and so escape. They were so reckless that they thought when near the Bahamas the chances might favor them. Some of them were murderers and the value of the lives of those on board ship, who would go down in such a case, counted nothing with them if they could only escape. But they were watched and finally suspicion was so strong against them they were imprisoned on board ship, and the other poor prisoners who had suffered mortal terror landed at Tortugas with feelings not easily described.

The influence such men would have under a long confinement, where there was not work enough to keep them from concocting mischief, on those who otherwise might have been fairly tractable, was always a dangerous element to counteract, and there was often insubordination in their manner, showing that the spark was only needed to create a disturbance not easily managed.

Kindness is a great power even with desperate men as many of those were, and my husband depended upon it mainly in his management of the prisoners. They knew he never carried a weapon of any kind and that he was not afraid of them. A visitor

once said to me in speaking of them, "I wonder you dare to stay here with nearly one thousand prisoners, so many of them desperate characters."

I replied that I had never thought of being afraid. I did not think our doors were ever locked, and even if there had been trouble I felt sure our family would have been protected, if for no other reason than my husband's kindness to them in their sickness and at all times.

There was one poor fellow who was always in trouble. He was simply mischievous in the first place, but was often used by bad men for their own misdeeds, while he bore the punishment as the principle culprit always. Now he was in the guardhouse; then out with a ball and chain, escaping in the most miraculous manner, for he was as supple and active as a monkey, and I think could no more, with his surroundings, have helped his petty thieving and other misdeeds than a monkey could refrain from his tricks.

What I am about to relate happened before my husband had medical charge of the prisoners and when he was voluntarily assisting. One day he found Harry Smith, as the prisoner called himself, in close confinement, chained to the floor. He had managed to slip through the iron bars, he was so small and agile, and had stolen articles of no value to himself, and destroyed and dropped them into the moat. As punishment they made a wheel of spokes without the tire, and put around his neck; when that was taken off he was chained to the wall. They could get no bracelets small enough to prevent his slipping his hands through them, and his tricks were monkeyish and provoking.

One day he wriggled himself through the bars. Near by, in the cool casemate, was stored a hogshead of molasses belonging to the commissary. He turned the spigot and let the fluid run, squeezing back into his cell again. When it was discovered he owned to what he had done, and how—a performance that seemed impossible. He was chained as a last resort, but was taken sick and would have died if left much longer. My husband's sympathies were aroused, and he talked with the culprit a long time before he could see any evidence of feeling except sullen stubbornness. "He didn't care; everybody was against him, and it was no use. He would not promise anything better, for he should not behave if he was released."

But after an hour the man showed a ray of human feeling, a tear came to his eyes as he was questioned about his home and mother, and finally he promised he would make one more trial.

It resulted in Harry's being taken to the hospital where he was told the condition of his release, and that as long as he behaved he was to be under the Doctor's special care. He was nursed until he was well, then he was given the care of the Doctor's office, where he was in his special service, sleeping there. For weeks a more faithful, trusty, devoted servant could not be wished for. The officers had ceased to chaff my husband about his protegé and we really thought Harry could be trusted. Unfortunately for him the Doctor was obliged to go to Key West on business two months after Harry's promotion, and having made him promise all kinds of good behavior he left him.

The other prisoners had been jealous of Harry's good treatment, and when they found his protector had gone, they formed a conspiracy for his downfall which proved too much for him; they dared him to join them in breaking into the sutter's for whisky, and of course he was caught while the others escaped. It was with real grief and disappointment that Doctor found Harry in the guardhouse on his return.

Soon after that he escaped, taking a stepladder, floating and swimming to Loggerhead where he intended to take the sailboat belonging to the lighthouse and escape; he was caught

and brought back to make another attempt later, when he with several others went to the bottom, as a gale came up so severe, that the boat they left in could not possibly have weathered it.

Among the last prisoners were some notable characters. Some of them were said to be hotel burners who had tried that as a weapon of devastation in the North, in Chicago and other places. One of them was a ferocious looking man, six feet tall, black hair, unkempt, long beard, with black eyes under very heavy eyebrows. He wore a red flannel shirt open low on his chest, showing a strong muscular figure, trousers tucked in his high boots, altogether having the appearance of a bandit; and, besides, he was wanting in a certain respect of manner that most of the prisoners observed to the ladies and officers whom they met on the walks.

Of course curiosity was aroused, and we found that report said he was the son of Sir Roger Grenfell of England. He ran away from his family, had been through all kinds of vicissitudes of fortune; had lived in the wilds of Australia and South America; been in the filibustering warfare in Central America; was brought to this country by the excitement of our war, and finally sent to Fort Jefferson for a term of several years, and the spirit of defiance stood out like porcupine quills in every look and gesture.

He violated all rules and regulations, so was naturally often in the guardhouse, which meant doing police duty during the day, going about under a sergeant. It seemed as if he took pains to be conspicuous by his disorderly looks, and the more menial his duties the more one saw of him. He carried his broom over his shoulder with as lordly an air as though he was a Viking with his battle axe. He was so belligerent that a watch had to be kept over him, fearing his influence over other and weaker men; he had money, how procured no one knew. After being there some months he escaped one dark stormy night, and as the boat was never heard from it was supposed that they all perished. He had evidently bribed a soldier, as one was missing from the post, which roused the garrison when no response followed the call "Post number one, twelve o'clock, and all is well!"

Some year or two after, Colonel Hamilton received a letter from Grenfell's wife, who had been for some time keeping a boarding school for young ladies in Paris. She had not seen him for many years, and wished to know the truth concerning his fate. The rumors concerning him were in the main correct, and it was perhaps a relief to know that his wild career was ended in no less terrible way than battling with the elements.

There was many a romance and tragedy, no doubt, imprisoned within those walls, could we have known the histories of many of the men.

During the first week of April, 1865, there were several vessels in, each with significant rumors, which kept us in a state of expectancy. The *Catawba* brought more prisoners, and on the twelfth, the *Tortugas* came in with another steamer and sixty prisoners and the news of the fall of Richmond, which we could scarcely credit. Sherman's march to the sea had been the exciting news that reached us in detached rumors, and in our excited condition, the intervening time, when we could hear nothing, was hard to fill in—certainly not always with patience.

On the twentieth of April, the steamer *Corinthian* brought news of Lee's surrender on the ninth, with his whole army. Two hundred guns were fired, and rejoicing was indulged in to the extent of our ability. There was a great celebration in Key West. One hundred guns were fired, and there was an illumination, with a procession; even the secessionists lighted their candles and hung out the stars and stripes. One prominent citizen gave the excuse that he had no flag to

unfurl, whereupon, a number of persons contributed and presented him with a Union flag, which he swung to the breeze over his store.

It was difficult to realize after the first delirium of excitement was over, that the joyful news we had looked and prayed for so fervently each day of the past four years had really come, for nothing was changed in our surroundings, while at the North news was flashing all the time; there were no long breaks to be filled in, as with us, and our simple every-day life seemed very dull and stupid when we thought of the joyful times and scenes that were being enacted in the North.

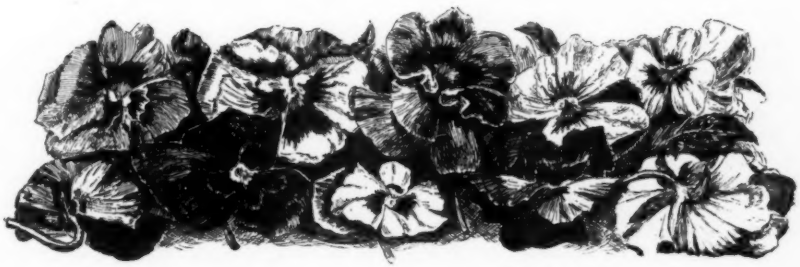
But while in the midst of our rejoicing, never dreaming of anything but continued cheering news, the *Ella Morse* came in with the flag at half-mast and the terrible announcement of the tragedy at Washington.

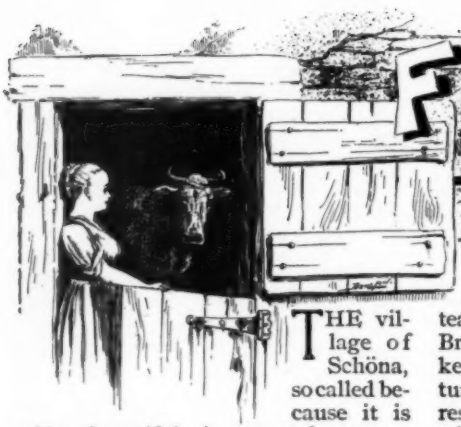
The officers always went down to the wharf when the boats came in, to get the mail and to hear any straggling news that might come from the main land; it was our little outside bulletin. When I saw them walking up the path so subdued and quiet, I knew something terrible must have happened to so change the joyous attitude they had worn the past few days.

Soon I heard a gun fired in quick, successive shots, and then saw officers and men scurrying towards the sally-port. I could hear angry voices and low mutterings, and anxiously awaited the Doctor's return, which was delayed some half hour, when everything seemed quiet again. Then he came and told me of the sad news, and that the disturbance was caused by some of the prisoners attempting to cheer and rejoice over the death of the President, when the sentinel fired his gun, and the men were tied up. After that there was no further trouble with them.

Half-hour guns and flags at half-mast pronounced it a day of mourning, and a weight hung over us for days; we could not, if we would, throw it off. Every joy and victory seemed dwarfed by this horrible act, and we could talk or think of little else.

(*To be Continued*)





Frau Lizel

An Idyl of an Alpine Farm.

BY JEAN PORTER RUDD.

THE village of Schöna, so called because it is *schön*, beautiful, is perched upon a round hilltop on the lower slopes of the Eastern Alps, above the swift-flowing Passeier. Like all Tirolean villages, it is picturesque in the extreme. Low houses with thatched, projecting roofs cluster close about the inn, as in earlier days they nestled for protection under the castle walls.

Now, the castle stands higher up and apart from the ant-like village life, and is useful only as a show-place and object of pride. Artists like it because the yellow stain on the walls catches the sunlight on its broad surface, and warm, deep shadows linger in its nooks and angles, while behind and above it tower the mighty hills with their tips of snow.

Pedestrians with the walking fever upon them come up from the neighboring city of Meran to visit the old halls hung with armor and weapons and with trophies of the chase; and to intrude upon the silent old Hapsburgers who glare down upon them from their full-length tarnished frames and thrust out that hideous under lip of theirs, persistently, protrusively, as if to remind the frivolous, staring, modern world that it was a Tirolean princess who bequeathed to them her own famous and infamous Maultasch (Pockel-Mouth). Then the tourists, who always carry alpenstocks, as though they were doing real mountain work, cross the castle court, wind through a grassy footpath over the fields and drop a fictitious tear within the wooden Gothic Brummagem Mausoleum, so out of keeping with the stonework of nature's architecture all about, where rest the bones of Arch-duke John of Austria, who led the mountaineers against their French oppressors in the insurrection of 1800, and then came home to marry a pretty village girl of Schöna. After all this hard work of realizing the history they have never learned, the wearied tourists must needs rest and eat, and by such means the stout and beery Wirth (inn-keeper) not only turns many a pretty penny for himself, but is able to give additional benefit to his humbler neighbors, buying chickens and fresh eggs, butter and cream, wine and oil and fruit; even wood and charcoal when his own store proves insufficient.

The inn-keeper is the great man of a Tirolean village. Sometimes magistrate, always largest proprietor, representative of wealth, position and power. Occasionally he is a despot.

The Gasthaus is to a Tirolean village what the "Corners" are to a scattered New England population; place of resort and gossip where over their sour red wine and their long-stemmed pipes the worthy farmers discuss many a tangled point of national or local interest, and between whiles solace themselves with unlimited card-playing for kreutzer points.

Quite upon the edge of the village, in the depths of a muddy lane which was trodden into a slough of despond by the hoofs of the white Alpine cattle, stood a dreary, low-browed hut, from which the thatch had fallen off in patches, great crevices showed

through the weather-beaten walls, and the house-door stood always open to admit a prowling dog or a compassionate neighbor. Two rooms only it had, with a loft above, and those two rooms swarmed with children. So many of them there were—tiny, unkempt, uncared-for creatures, fed mostly on mountain air; with pretty rosy faces, soft, dark eyes, timid, like those of the Alpine fawn, and hair tumbling in wild disorder over brow and cheek. Most un-Tirolean is such want of neatness, where the cottages are scrubbed white with soap and sand, and the long sheenless hair of the women and girls is braided away from their foreheads so tightly, and twisted into such a very pugnacious knot behind, that each particular hair seems to be starting from its root in dumb protestation. The villagers shook their heads at the children in the muddy lane.

"The mother is a Wälsche," they said, for the mountain people are like the old Romans in that they designate "barbarian," all that lies outside and beyond their ken, and the weary woman who did not braid her children's hair had come, years ago, from the Italian Tirol. To the women of Schöna this explained, though it did not excuse, her shortcomings.

Only yesterday, Saturday, every house in the village had been scrubbed, the lanes and alleys no less than the highroad swept with long brooms, all signs of week-day toil put by, in preparation for the Sunday festa which Tiroleans hold punctiliously.

Only the cottage in the lane and the swarm of dark-eyed children escaped the weekly infliction.

But there was cause enough today in the dreary Häuschen.

Seppel, the father, had fallen from the hay loft in the Wirth's barn and broken his leg in two places. "Misery to be laid up like this now in the earliest spring, just as the busy days were coming and he with all that hungry brood of children to feed."

No wonder he was cross; so cross that no child of them all would stay within doors to hear him complain. On a thin mattress stretched on the bench near the stove lay one who never complained—"the Wälsche," as the Schöna women called her. For weeks she had lain there slowly dying, though no one thought it; least of all the man who had brought her from her Southern home and been a good husband to her, as husbands go. Her youngest baby wailed constantly in her arms, and the racking cough that was stealing her life away was rarely still.

The sounds fretted the strong man who lay on his own bed, helpless.

"If frau Lizel would but come!" he said again and again, but the sick woman made him no reply; she needed all her breath for coughing. The villagers were kind in their rough way, one and another coming in at times to do some kindly office. The Wirth, whose farm laborer Seppel was, sent daily a great kettle of good soup from his own abundant kitchen, to which Bas' Therese, the Wirth's sister and housekeeper, added a half-loaf whenever she could smuggle it under her apron.

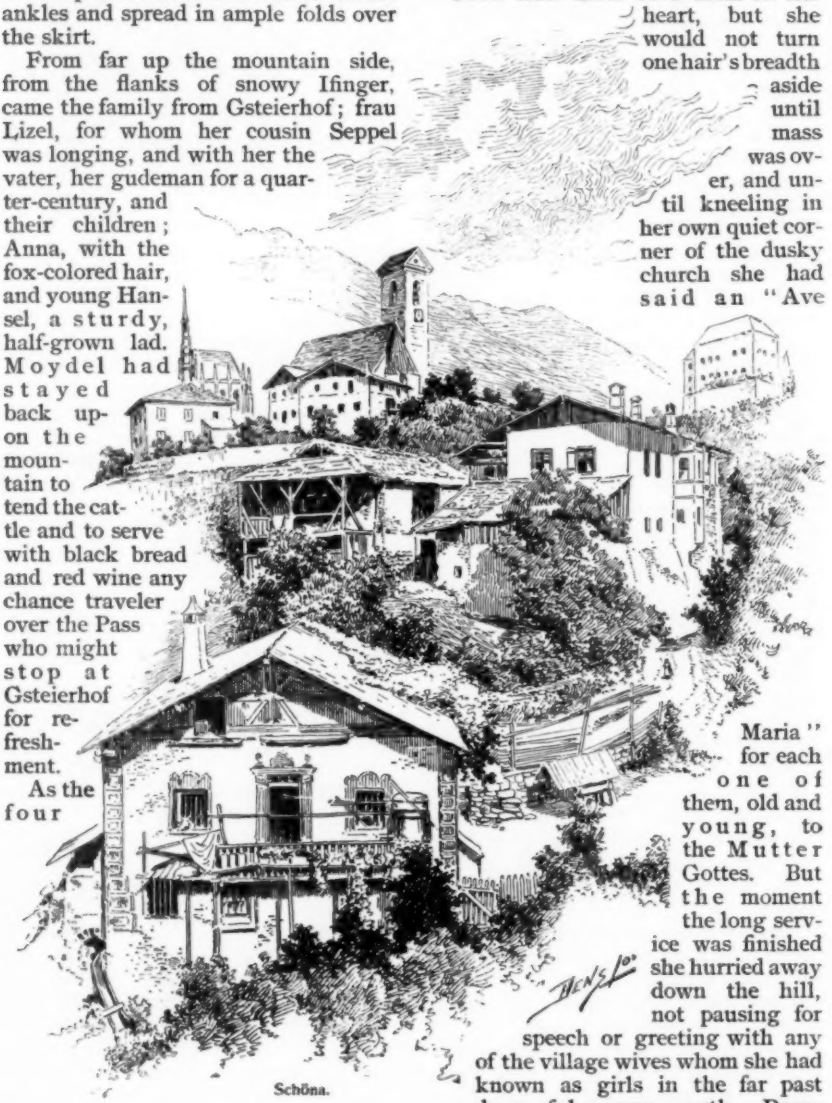
Seppel tossed about in bed, and sometimes swore in his impatience; the feeble mother hushed her feebler babe and waited for the White Angel to release them both. Meantime the swarm of unkempt children scratched for themselves.

"If frau Lizel would come!" repeated Seppel; "if frau Lizel would but come!"

It was a cold clear Sunday in March, and from far and near over the curves and slopes of the hills came the Alpine farmers with their wives and their sons and daughters, brave in their holiday attire, the picturesque costume of the Passeier-Thal—the men with knee-breeches, homespun coats and broad felt hats that were twisted about with red or green cords and decorated with the glossy cock's plumes; the women with

heavy kirtles of homespun, bright kerchiefs crossed over the breast and wide aprons which fell almost to the ankles and spread in ample folds over the skirt.

From far up the mountain side, from the flanks of snowy Ifinger, came the family from Gsteierhof; frau Lizel, for whom her cousin Seppel was longing, and with her the vater, her gudeman for a quarter-century, and their children; Anna, with the fox-colored hair, and young Hansel, a sturdy, half-grown lad. Moydel had stayed back upon the mountain to tend the cattle and to serve with black bread and red wine any chance traveler over the Pass who might stop at Gsteierhof for refreshment.



Schöna.

As the four stepped rapidly along the steep ascent to the parish church, steady, industrious, pious folk, no one could have dreamed them akin to the shiftless family in the muddy lane.

Good frau Lizel bore them on her heart, but she would not turn one hair's breadth aside until mass was over, and until kneeling in her own quiet corner of the dusky church she had said an "Ave Maria" for each one of them, old and young, to the Mutter Gottes. But the moment the long service was finished she hurried away down the hill, not pausing for speech or greeting with any of the village wives whom she had known as girls in the far past days of her own youth. Down the long sunny road past the Gasthaus, and over the wooden bridge spanning the ravine. Once only she stopped for a few words with the

Krämerin, who danced her foster child in her arms as she made change—very small change—over the counter of her little shop.

Frau Lizel stopped in the doorway for a word or two.

"Guten tag, frau Lizel," spoke the Krämerin coming forward, "and have you brought more of your delicious sweet butter? The Englische say there is no such butter as that from Gsteierhof. And while they think it, I make them give a good price for it as well. Good butter brings a good price, nicht wahr, frau Lizel?"

Frau Lizel smiled.

"Right, right, neighbor! Something must be owing me, then. Is it not? Look! I will take it in coffee and cheese for the children of poor Seppel in the lane. It goes hard with them, nicht wahr?"

The Krämerin shrugged her shoulders.

"Seppel is a fool," she said grimly; "and the weib—what can you expect of a Wälsche?"

Frau Lizel had stepped behind the counter and was rapidly filling a basket which she reached down herself from its hook with the freedom of long acquaintance.

"She has many children," she said, expressively, but the Krämerin again shrugged her shoulders. She herself had eight and took foster babies to board besides.

Frau Lizel filled her basket and went her way without a thought of regret for the loss of her Sunday gossip with Bas' Therese, the Wirth's buxom sister, who kept the great soup-pot always going, made wonderful chicory coffee without a coffee bean in it, spun bales of snowy linen yearly and looked well, not only to the ways of her household, but to the ways of the village besides, and was equal to a society column any day.

Frau Lizel did cast one wistful glance up the road, just in time to see the vater lounging in at the wide open Gasthaus door. The vater was wont to leave most things to the discretion of his good frau, finding life and its problems made easier to him so, and now he stumbled into the stube, the Gasthaus coffee-room, and called for his viertel of red wine, as he had done every Sunday since he had been a man, and he puffed at his long-stemmed pipe in the ruminate way which he found restful after mass.

When frau Lizel stepped across the threshold of the lowly cottage, it was as though a sunbeam shone suddenly athwart the gloom and sadness. Seppel raised himself on his elbow and spoke a glad "good day." With a passing nod and smile, however, she went instantly to the sick woman's side, giving her first greeting to the Wälsche, who was not of her kin. She bent over the bed for a brief moment, then, with firm, resolute hands, she lifted the wailing infant from the mother's breast and cradled it in her own tender arms.

Within a few minutes the place was transformed. First she built up the fire and hung the Wirth's kettle of soup on the crane; then she gathered up fallen garments and hung them on various hooks against the wall; she brushed crumbs and remnants of former meals from the dingy table, spread over it a clean, coarse towel from her basket, and set out invitingly the black bread and goat-cheese she had brought from the Krämerin. The hungry brood of children gathered about her knees like chickens about the meal-pan, but she bade them wait while she fed the baby with warm milk, for which it was perishing. The tiny creature could take but a few spoonfuls, and when it fell asleep, she laid it flat upon her lap and began cutting the bread and cheese into generous wedges with the sharp curved knife she wore at her girdle.

She laughed to see how rapidly the wedges disappeared; the curved knife could not cut fast enough. Meanwhile the soup was heating for the invalids, and, laying the baby down across the foot of the mother's bed,

frau Lizel filled an earthenware bowl and brought it to Seppel with a wedge of black bread to dip into it.

"And the vater?" growled Seppel when he had drained the bowl. "Comes he not to see a neighbor and kinsman in affliction?"

"Tut! tut!" answered frau Lizel, cheerily: "Can you not leave him his festa gossip over his viertel? He, who is always a God-fearing man and a toiler on the mountain."

Perhaps Seppel felt an unspoken reproach for he looked up sidewise and said: "It's not over easy to lie here without the viertel."

But frau Lizel seemed not to hear: she was bending in tender ministration over the sick woman, feeding her with the broth she was too weak to raise to her lips.

"Thou art an angel!" murmured the Wälsche with a grateful glance from the dim eyes that had once been soft and bright.

Frau Lizel looked about at the unkempt little ones and her lips set themselves in a quick resolve.

She reached up her hand to the broad shelf over the window and took down the family comb—a cracked and battered structure of white horn. She seated herself upon a low stool and one after another took all those heads upon her knee while she combed out the tangles of weeks. She braided the unruly locks, bound them up with bits of faded ribbon or broken shoelace—whatever she could find—and looked at last with complacence upon the tight knots of hair on the numberless round heads though she remarked: "There did not seem to be so many of them when their hair was tidy." Then she sent them all out to the pump with a cake of yellow soap and a handful of coarse towels to scrub their rosy cheeks to the shining point.

Seppel watched the entire process.

"There are so many of them," he said at last rather wearily.

Frau Lizel turned her back upon him in disdain and lifted to her lap a tiny laughing maiden whom she had purposely left until the last. Wee Lizel, her namesake and god-child, who cuddled down in the motherly arms and laughed up into the sunny face and made her own place in her Göttel's heart.

Frau Lizel washed her and brushed her and fed her with the few drops of strong broth left in her mother's bowl and kissed her at last with a resounding peasant smack.

Just then the vater clattered in on his heavy hob-nailed boots and seated himself at Seppel's side but Seppel had no chance of a gossip, for many villagers and farmer-folk were blocking the low doorway. They were looking conscience-stricken and ashamed; they had not dreamed of such genuine mis ery in Seppel's hut.

"Something must be done!" said the vater slowly with a glance toward his frau who was sitting near the sick woman's bed with Lizel still cuddled in her arms.

She nodded her head briskly.

Tirolean-folk are taciturn; mountain dwellers rarely waste their words. No one spoke for a moment, then frau Lizel said:

"Seppel must go to the hospital at Meran; a woman must be found to tend the Wälsche and her babe. Then neighbors one and all," and a flash of her eyes seemed to light upon them constrainingly, "among you the children must be taken home—perhaps to stay always—"

Everyone looked toward the bed where there was a feeble flutter of the thin hands upon the coverlet but no one spoke; least of all Seppel, who looked surprised and awed.

"As for Lizel, we will take her ourselves, vater," said frau Lizel. The vater bowed his head and sucked his pipe-stem reflectively.

"She is right!" he said at last with a proud glance at his neighbors, the farmer-folk.

"My Lizel is always right! A rare brain has meine frau!" So it was arranged. Slowly, stolidly but not unkindly one and another stepped for-

ward and picked out a child until all the hungry, helpless brood was provided for.

They felt that it would be for always as frau Lizel had hinted; for the Wälsche—well—and Seppel had always been an improvident fellow. frau Lizel tossed over the bits and scraps of clothing, selecting them into bundles which the farmers tied up in their huge red cotton handkerchiefs and slung good-naturedly over their shoulders on the tips of their stout walking-sticks. One little mouth after another was pressed to the mother's cheek in farewell before the childish feet crossed the threshold for the last time.

Seppel was laid upon a rude litter and covered with the flowered counterpane from his bed. His face worked queerly as he too bent for one moment over his wife.

"Perhaps I've not not been good to her," he whispered brokenly; but she looked up at him with a tender smile and after that who could dare reproach him?

Four stalwart bäueren (farmers) took the litter upon their shoulders and strode down the highroad with it to the hospital at Meran and before night silence and order reigned in the dreary cottage. Frau Lizel went down upon her hands and knees and scrubbed the floor with a new brush from the Krämerin's and such hearty good-will that it could not help shining with cleanly whiteness. Then the scrubbing brush and the good will were applied to the walls, to the benches and stools, to the shelf which was black with neglect and lastly to the table where crumbs from the children's black bread were still scattered.

With the good-will softened to tenderness she now washed and dressed the baby, made the sick woman's bed afresh and again gave them food. Her task was all but finished and the afternoon's sun was already sinking below the giant hills above the village.

The woman who was to stay for the night arrived, frau Lizel gave her a few whispered directions, wrapped a warm shawl over little Lizel's head and shoulders, and held her up in her arms to kiss her mother good-bye. The child was gleeful enough, and the mother's sad eyes followed her wistfully as Anna and Hansel led her away. The Wälsche laid her wasted fingers upon frau Lizel's warm palm, and raised her eyes to her face.

"Thou art good; thou art an angel!" she murmured faintly; "but I am going. I shall never see my man. I shall never see my kinder again."

Frau Lizel only bent her snowy head and repeated a Vater Unser. It was not for her to deceive a passing soul.

Tiny Lizel ran merrily down the stony footpath toward Meran, with her small hand in Anna's broad, firm clasp. The vater and Hansel followed more slowly, glancing back up the path now and then, somewhat impatiently, for the coming of frau Lizel.

The early twilight of the Alps was gathering over the gray hills, from which the afterglow had already faded and a thick belt of dense pine forest lay between them and home.

"She comes at last, the mutter," said Hansel as frau Lizel's straight spare figure appeared upon the upper path outlined against the somber sky. They waited for her to join them, but no word of greeting passed among the three; that is not the peasant way.

With Anna and the child just before them, they jogged on contentedly enough, now that they were all together, walking with a long swinging stride characteristic of the mountaineer; with a certain sway of the hip and bend of the knee, impossible to describe and difficult to imitate; unhasting, unresting, but covering a goodly space with every step. It was a full hour's walk down the mountain before they reached the turn above Vernaun, and night was falling rapidly.

At a point in the path only discernible to those skilled in forest lore

they turned aside, doubling back upon the way they had come, but mounting constantly, zigzag fashion. The vater took the lead, and all followed him in single file, Lizel walking between Anna and Hansel. But the little one grew weary and breathless with the steep climb. She stumbled frequently and once she fell over a trunk stretched across the path.

"She is too little!" said frau Lizel compassionately.

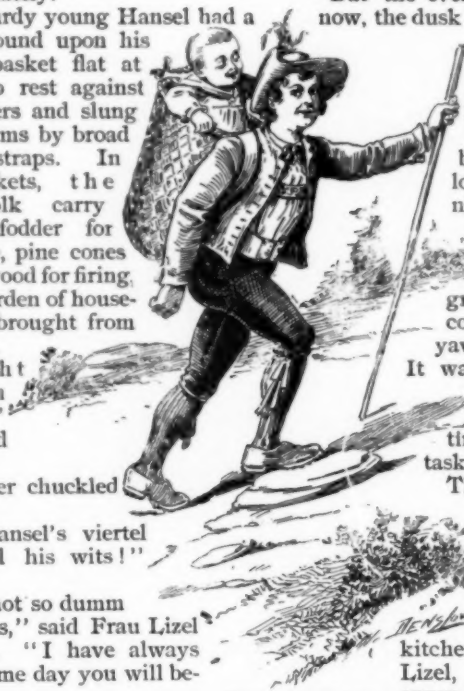
Now, sturdy young Hansel had a kraksen bound upon his back; a basket flat at one side to rest against the shoulders and slung over the arms by broad leathern straps. In these baskets, the Alpine folk carry hay and fodder for their cattle, pine cones and brushwood for firing, and any burden of household gear brought from the village.

"I might take her on my back," suggested the lad.

The vater chuckled grimly.

"My Hansel's viertel has opened his wits!" he said.

"He is not so dumm as he looks," said Frau Lizel resentfully. "I have always said it; some day you will believe."



Hansel and wee Lizel.

Anna was taking the bundles of coffee and sugar and calico from the Kraksen, and the child was stretching wide her sleepy eyes and wondering what they were going to do, when suddenly the vater lifted her lightly and deposited her in the bottom of the kraksen on Hansel's broad back. The child laughed, and the laugh went straight to Hansel's heart.

"I will take care of her always!" he said to himself.

He laughed, too, and then followed the vater up and up and up the steep, stony path, sure-footed and swift as the chamois of the Alps.

Lizel went fast asleep, and knew no more until the vater lifted her out of the basket and set her down in the house-place of Gsteierhof. Such a shining house-place as it was—shining with simple cleanliness and the whiteness of resinous pine wood.

But the evening shadows filled it now, the dusk of the great hills encircled the humble farmstead, snowsloped Ifinger held it safe in his fastnesses.

Moydel had long ago bedded the cattle and locked the stalls for the night. Now she emerged from a warm corner behind the stove and greeted the homecomers with a sleepy yawn.

It was nine o'clock, a full hour after their accustomed bedtime and their evening tasks yet waited.

The vater wound the eight-day clock, Hansel brought an armful of wood, Anna lighted a fire in the smoke-blackened kitchen hard by and frau Lizel, with an ample house apron tied over her holiday dress, began to prepare the evening meal.

From a huge cherry-wood chest she took an enormous loaf of black bread, baked so many weeks before—for the peasants bake only four times in the year—that it is almost as hard as the brown rocks it resembled. But frau Lizel put it into a wooden tray and cut it into bits with a sharp chopping knife, tossed it into a kettle of boiling milk into which she broke a couple of

eggs and then sifted slowly from one hand a portion of yellow corn meal while she stirred the whole with a long wooden spatula. When ready she set the kettle itself upon the snowy pine table, around which the family was already hungrily gathered.

Each took a wooden spoon from the table drawer and held it patiently in hand while the vater spoke a long, solemn grace.

Frau Lizel dipped out a portion into an earthenware bowl for the child, placing it on the low bench by the stove, whereupon Lizel crouched down on the floor and fell to with abundant appetite.

At the table, however, peasant etiquette was rigidly observed, because they of Gsteier are mannerly folk.

Frau Lizel took the first spoonful, the vater the second; then the younglings all together; and after that it was dip, dip, dip, silently, swiftly, until five cave-like excavations had been dug out under the spoons. Dip, dip again until only thinnest barriers divided each spoon's portion, and now the walls are down—the pulpy mass is rapidly disappearing—the spoons begin to collide—there is left only a small heap in the centre of the dish. In profound and unquestioning respect the younger spoons withdrew. Frau Lizel dipped once more, then with the gravity of acknowledged superiority the vater thrust in his patriarchal spoon and solemnly devoured the final mouthful.

Anna carried away the kettle and washed the spoons, frau Lizel strained the milk which Moydel had brought in from the stalls, the vater smoked his evening pipe and Hansel in the snug corner behind the stove played softly on his flute.

Lizel curled down on the bench beside him, laid her head on his rough fustian sleeve and watched them all with her bright dark eyes in which was no wistfulness of home-longing.

Her young heart was content.

When the homely tasks were finished the family gathered for evening prayer. In the corner over the table, screwed against the wall, was a great wooden crucifix, ghastly and realistic, with the agonized face, the crown of cruel thorns and the dripping blood from brow and palms and crossed feet—such as one sees in every home and Gasthaus and at every cross-road in Tyrol.

Below and about the crucifix hung cheap high-colored picture prints and cards of the Madonna and child, the apostles and the saints. This corner formed the Holy of Holies in the farmstead of Gsteier. Taking his rosary from its hook below the crucifix the vater knelt reverently and waited until each was in his place. Frau Lizel always hung her rosary on the window casement above her pans of milk.

"The holy Rosencranz will hold the milk from turning," she answered once when the boy Hansel had asked her why.

Hansel slipped to his knees, drawing his beads from his pocket but still holding his flute in his hand and ever and anon pressing down a furtive key, but Lizel went over to Anna, who beckoned her, and knelt between the sisters at a bench which they drew out into the middle of the floor.

Then began a rapid telling of beads in a high, monotonous sing-song, the shorter petitions interspersed with frequent Ave Marias and Vater Unsers. Lizel's shrill childish voice rang out loudly in parrot-like repetitions and responses.

With a complete change of voice, a lowering of tone, the vater led the Litany, to which the response rang out at intervals:

"Bitt für uns! Bitt für uns!"

To the Litany succeeded further Ave Marias and Vater Unsers, family prayer lasting fully twenty minutes. It was late, the room was overheated—peasant fashion—the sing-song was soothing, and when the devotees rose from their knees the child Lizel was discovered lying across the bench fast asleep, suspended as from a hook, her

head hanging low on one side while her clumsy hob-nailed shoes balanced her weight on the other.

Not untenderly Anna awakened her and helped her to slip off the heavy shoes and the long-skirted homespun gown made in exact imitation of her elders.

Frau Lizel made a bed for her on the wooden frame atop the stove and tucked her in under heavy quilts and a mountainous plumeau filled with downy feathers from her own pet geese.

Lizel cuddled down in her warm nest with a low laugh of content when frau Lizel assured her that she should be near by, just in the next room. The bed over the stove was deliciously warm. Frau Lizel's churn and the vater's old green, week-day hat stood upon the broad bed-frame and cast strange, distorted shadows upon the low, wooden ceiling, but the vater's stertorous snore sounded cheerfully from the inner room and the child was not afraid. She clasped her hands in the attitude of supplication as she had been taught to do, murmured a "Bitt für uns," and fell asleep.

The white snow lay deep and pure on the steep slopes of Ifinger, his giant crest reared itself undauntedly to the star-lit sky, his lowest outstretching flank held safely—as by the hand of a friend—the lowly farmstead of Gsteier.

Lizel was only seven and in her new, happy life on the Alpine farm she soon forgot the dreary cottage in the muddy lane at Sohöna, which had been her home. Only the faintest recollections remained to her of the sick woman with the racking cough whom she had called mutter; of the baby that had wailed continuously; of the father who had rarely noticed her among the many, even of the host of brothers and sisters in the midst of whom she had always been hungry and neglected.

Her red letter days had ever been those upon which her göttel, the good frau Lizel had come to her and lifted her upon her knees, given her caraway seed cakes from her capacious pocket and bade her be a good child and study her catechism.

To be frau Lizel's own little maid and live with her altogether was like a fairy tale come true and the happy child throve like an Alpine rose.

She was up betimes every morning long before the sun rose above snowy Ifinger. Kind Anna helped her to fasten, over her chemisette of linen, the heavy kirtle which fell in straight folds from shoulder to ankle, then led the child to the watering trough, to which the mountain kine came to drink, made her lave her face and hands in the ice-green glacier water as it ran straight down from Ifinger, and polished her off with a coarse crash towel of frau Lizel's own weaving.

Then came the question—a choice of delights.

Should she go with Moydel to her special domain, the stalls, and help cut the pressed hay and mix a warm mash for the cows; sit by her while she milked Crinkle and Wrinkle and the Moo-Moo; follow her to the house with the brimming milk pails and return once more to the stalls while Moydel swept them clean, and watch her curry the one horse and yoke the white patient-eyed oxen for their day's work?

Or, should she patter about the kitchen with Anna, getting breakfast, grinding chicory, and brown beans together to make coffee? Or hover near frau Lizel whose first duty was to skim the milk from over night with an eye to the fresh, sweet butter for which Gsteierhof was famous?

Lizel ran back and forth between house and stables lingering longest in the latter because she loved the sweet breath of the kine better than the odor of cookery; clattering to and fro on her small, noisy shoes in an ecstacy of indecision until Hansel appeared, caught up his heavy axe, which he wielded as though it were a plaything, and began chopping the

logs of white pine which lay piled in a ready heap along the house front.

Big, awkward Hansel, with his merry blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, his broad shoulders and strong hands, his cheery smile and piercing, bird-like whistle; Hansel who had borne her up the rugged mountain side in a kraksen on his back; yes, she liked to stay by Hansel best of all, to rub her round cheek against his sleeve and to pick up the splinters and chips as they flew from under the keen axe-blade head.

Life was one long dream of delight to the child, her simple tasks were play. Plenty to eat of coarse mountain fare, plenty to drink of rich, creamy milk; always to run and frisk and climb, like a goat over the great, bare granite rocks, or the bit of vivid green sward beside the Hof. Always to breathe the life-giving air of Ifinger, to watch the cloud tempest gather upon his flanks, the lightning quiver and fork in his ravines, the gentle rain vailing his slopes mistily, the white sunlight glittering on cliff and crest and high blue-cleaving peaks.

It was play to scamper after the vater and Hansel, as they drew the felled pine trees down the slope behind the creamy oxen; to follow the plow along the newly turned furrows, and scatter the seed with her own small hands from the heap with which Hansel filled her apron. It was play to be with Moydel in the stalls where all day long she fed and tended the cows. The child made friends with them all and a pet of each young bleating calf.

It was play to help Anna in the house, making the billowy beds, sweeping the wooden floors and washing Hansel's wooden spoon.

She learned to skim the milk, to wind frau Lizel's stocking-yarn, and to fill the vater's evening pipe.

Saturday morning was churning day in order that Frau Lizel might carry the sweet, fresh rolls of butter to Schöna on Sunday and sell them to her friend the Krämerin after mass; but regularly Saturday afternoons frau Lizel brought out her scrubbing brushes, her cake of yellow soap and bowl of sand to scour the house place. Walls and ceiling and floor; clock shelf and benches and three-legged stools; last of all the table—but there was a household joke about that table.

"I made that table myself," the vater used to say—indeed he said it every Saturday night at supper, immediately after grace.

"I made it myself when Lizel promised to be my braut. I made the table top *so* thick," measuring with his hands, "so thick! But Lizel has scrubbed it down a good half; Lizel has the elbow for scrubbing. And, oh, the sand she has wasted, nicht wahr, weib?"

That was the point of the ponderous joke—that wasted sand swept down on the free winds from Ifinger.

It was Lizel's delight to scrub that corner of the shelf where stood the eight-day clock, a lantern of perforated tin, a prayer book and one ancient leather-bound volume which told a little, both geographically and historically, about all the countries of the earth.

This volume was the vater's resource on rainy days when plowing and sowing were perforce interrupted. After all the odds and ends about the house had been hammered into repair, and the decrepit family shoes all duly cobbled; he would reach it down from the shelf with a certain gusto, open it flat on the table, take his seat in the corner under the crucifix, place his huge horned spectacles astride his nose, turn the broad leaves slowly and proceed to read edifying bits aloud, regardless whether he had an auditor or no.

At such times Lizel would creep into his lap to look at the woodcuts, as the broad leaves slowly settled into place under the vater's heavy thumb; scarcely noticing the child though he liked to have her there, he read on and on pausing only to comment in tranquil disbelief.

"They say the earth turns round," he said once confidingly to the child upon his knee. "But I believe it not; there are things I can never believe."

The child opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"The earth turns round!" she cried: "How terrible! Why don't we all fall off? Oh, I hope it will never turn over again."

"Et ist gar nit wahr!" called out Hansel indignantly from his cosy corner behind the stove. "It is not true! You need not be afraid, Kleine."

"The book says so!" pursued the vater.

Hansel put down his flute and made a long speech for him.

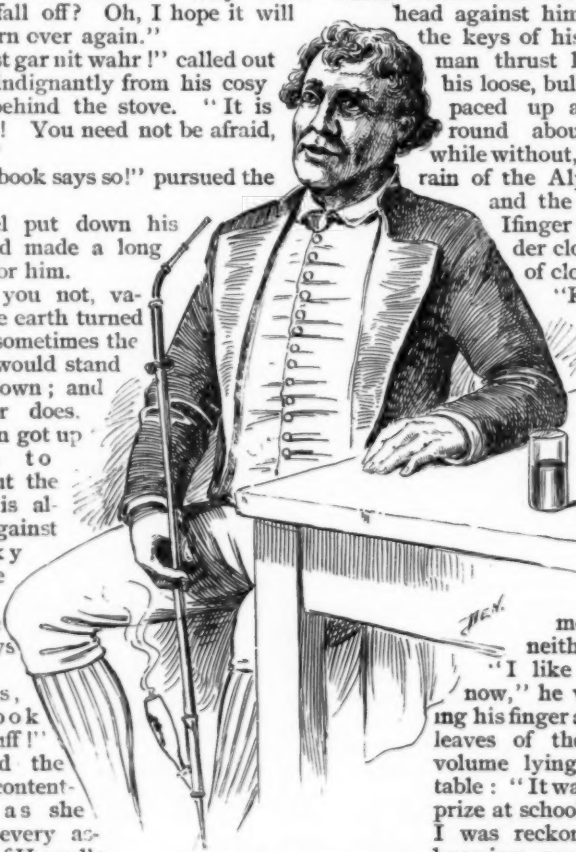
"See you not, vater, if the earth turned round, sometimes the Ifinger would stand upside down; and it never does. I've even got up o-nights to look, but the Spitz is always against the sky just the same.

"The book says stuff."

"Yes, the book says stuff!" echoed the child contentedly, as she echoed every assertion of Hansel's.

"The schoolmistress at Schöna used to say it!" interposed Moydel who had come in from the stalls to drink her four-o'clock cup of kaffee.

Anna tossed her head. She was sewing her new kirtle, hoping to finish it in time for the dance in the Gasthaus kitchen next festa night.



The Vater at the Gsteierhof.

"I mind she did not half believe it herself!" she said: "Besides, she did not know much; she was only a bauer mädchen who had been to school in Meran."

The vater put Lizel down, and while she crept over to Hansel on the bench behind the stove, leaned her head against him and fingered the keys of his flute, the old man thrust his hands into his loose, bulgy pockets and paced up and down and round about the stube, while without, the fine, steely rain of the Alps fell drearily and the snowy crest of Ifinger was hidden under close, dun masses of cloud.

"Kinder!" spoke the vater impressively: "As ye go through the world there's a-many people as will tell you a-many things. It is better ye believe them not—they're mostly not true—neither the books.

"I like that old book now," he went on, pointing his finger at the fluttering leaves of the wide spread volume lying open on the table: "It was given me as a prize at school; yes, kinder, I was reckoned one of the knowing ones. When we was married—Lizel and I—we laid it on that shelf, and there it has lain for five and twenty years steady, except for rainy days. I like it, yes, but kinder, do you think I believe it? Ah, no, I'm not so närrish. The book says lies; the earth stays still, else we'd all be in China this very minute."

He paced his round once more.

"Kinder, put not your trust in princes—also not in books—also not too much, in folks."

Moydel had been waiting respectfully by the outer door, but now, seizing her opportunity, she opened it softly and sped away to her work in the stalls.

Anna grinned slyly at Hansel, who was shuffling his feet about and longing for his flute.

When the vater got as far as the "Princes," all knew that his exhortation was virtually finished.

He returned to his place at table, re-adjusted his spectacles and pored over the book again until twilight fell; the short, sudden twilight of the Alps.

All the afternoon frau Lizel had been sitting at her spinning and I can see the dear old body now just as I have seen her many a day. Tall and straight and spare, with a bright kerchief crossed over her breast, bands of snowy hair brushed smoothly back under a red cotton handkerchief, folded shawl-wise over her head. A look of peaceful serenity on her face, a twinkle of mischief in the blue eyes, which, nevertheless still held the bride-love in them when they rested on the vater. The edge of her kirtle was lifted away from the foot in its broad list slipper, which worked the treadle, while the busy hands drew deftly out into long, coarse threads the clumps of black wool, which lay in a wooden trough at her feet.

Ever and anon her lips would part in some burst of song to which the whirr-whirr of the wheel formed musical accompaniment. They were the folk songs of Tyrol; love ditties she had learned in her youth or an occasional hunter's song with the wild jôdel echoes or even a drinking song with its merry chorus.

A sweet voice, albeit worn and cracked, and breaking wildly now and then, like some long unused instrument, which was yet too rare and fine ever to be discordant.

Her songs were Lizel's delight; her stories no less, for her memory was a storehouse of folk lore, not learned from books, but from her own gleanings; that simple mountain life spent between the lonely farm and the tiny village of Schôna which to frau Lizel represented the great world.

Sundays the family rose earlier in order to clear away their morning tasks in good season, don their festa dress and wind their long toilsome way over the hills to Schôna. For after mass, the vater would sip his viertel and learn in the smoky gasthaus stube if any new thing had happened to Austria since the week before. Frau Lizel did not fash herself about Austria. That was Franz Joseph's lookout, but she liked to measure her tale of spinning with Bas' Therese and to hear the Krämerin tell how the gentlefolk praised her butter and cheese.

Lizel was too young to toil over the mountain though I doubt not Hansel would willingly have carried her in a kraksen on his back every Sunday of her life.

But she gladly stayed at the farm and was as happy as a house cricket, either with Moydel who tended the kine, or with Anna, who, each alternate Sunday, tended them in her sister's stead.

When the child had been at the farm a month or two, Seppel, her father, released from the Meran hospital, climbed up the Ifinger to Gsteierhof, ostensibly to visit his little daughter, but he noticed the child not much more than he had been wont to do at home, where she had only been one among many; he talked constantly with his kinswoman, the frau Lizel, who shook her head at his grumblings and glanced now and then wistfully at the child.

"If I had had luck," said Seppel again and again: "If I could have had a farm like the vater. Ah, you did a good thing for yourself, Lizel, when you passed your poor cousin by for a hof-bauer."

The color mantled into the faded cheek.

"I loved him!" cried frau Lizel;" "I would have married him without a kreutzer; and for you—you know well I never even looked at you."

"Well, well," said the man, half afraid of the storm he had raised:

"It is long passed over; you need not be angry now, Lizel."

Thump, thump, went frau Lizel's foot on the treadle and whiz, whiz, whirr, went the spinning-wheel; but after a moment frau Lizel said quietly:

"You have to think of your children, Seppel."

"Humph!" answered Seppel; and soon after he went slouching down the mountain:

"Without bringing the child even so much as a cotton kerchief," commented Anna indignantly.

The sick mother and the wailing babe were sleeping in one grave in the churchyard of Schöna; the brood of little ones housed and cared for in widely scattered homes; Seppel was free.

A few weeks later he led a bride home to the cottage in the lane and as the years went by another brood of children played about the doorway, driving out all recollection, apparently, of the first wife and her little ones.

Frau Lizel shook her gray head in scornful dismay and for a time forgot to sing over her spinning; the vater paced the floor, rubbing his hand over his scanty locks and muttering to himself:

"Put not your trust in princes!"

It seemed to explain things to him and to comfort him after the mysterious manner of texts, fitting or otherwise.

Thus Lizel stayed on always at the farm and grew to be the light and sunshine of the house. A merry, warm-hearted, contented creature who would never let farm toil or a dull routine weigh heavily upon her spirits. With the passing of the years Moydel went away to another home, hand in hand with a handsome young woodsman who lost his heart to the stall maid while hauling wood down Ifinger one long, cold, winter.

When Moydel was gone Lizel said;

"I will be stall-madchen. I know the kine and their needs. Have I not watched Moydel all these years and helped her at times? Let me but try, vater, and you will see how they thrive, my pretty cows!"

Anna would not leave home though tempted sorely once when a well-to-do farmer from beyond Schöna pleaded bravely, standing up tall and handsome before her and accenting his arguments with sharp flicks in the air of his stout ox-whip.

"Nein, nein," she answered firmly. "The vater and the mutter are growing old; Moydel is gone; Hansel goes this summer to serve his three years in the military. There would be no one at home but the child Lizel. Nein, nein, I will not go!"

"But when the three years are passed, when Hansel comes home, when the child shall be grown?" pleaded the farmer.

Anna blushed until her face and throat rivaled in color the bright aureole of her hair.

"In three years you will forget me thrice!" she said, but let her hand lie in his and when he went away the kiss of their betrothal burned warm upon her cheek.

Lizel was growing up a beauty, though beauty counts for little on thrifty Alpine farms. Round and plump and fair, with dark eyes sparkling with mischief, and the touch of coquetry that drove Hansel wild; milk-white throat and cheeks like an Alpine rose, and a step on the hills that was light and swift as that of a mountain goat.

Hansel was heavy-browed and dull; dumm, as the Tyroleans say, and she teased him.

"Thou wilt stay always at home, Lizel, when I am gone?" he asked often and anxiously. "Thou wilt

stay tranquilly by the old people and tend the kine—and wait for me?"

She glanced up at him slyly from under her fine straight brows. "Three years—it is a long time!" she said, but at his look of delight she added quickly:

"A long time to be tranquil and to stay ever at home."

"Yes, liebchen, and if long for thee what must they be to me?

But I return to thee once each year for a little. Willst see me gladly then, kleine?"

"Perhaps," she answered carelessly as she tossed a bundle of hay into Crinkle's crib.

"And thou wilt stay ever at home?"

His persistency wearied her.

"Never go to Schöna—not even to mass?" she asked innocently.

"To mass, of course!" he assented reluctantly, "Since that must be; but I like it not that they stare at thee, all the farmer lads."

"I like it, rather!" Lizel said teasingly.

"I know!" He answered her so humbly and sadly that her heart softened.

"To the mass, of course; I should love thee less wert thou not a pious madchen, like the mutter. Often thou art to me as even as the mutter, Lizel."

She knew just how he meant it and it touched her—but she was perverse. "Oh," she cried, "So in thine eyes I am wrinkled and white-haired and old. Thank 'ee! The farmer lads do not tell me that!"

He looked at her imploringly. Thus she had teased him always.

"Bas' Therese says I may be kellnerin (waitress), at the Gasthaus if I will, and the Wirth says that Lizchen's bright eyes and saucy ways will bring many a kreutzer to his till."

Hansel looked at her sorrowfully.

"Promise me not, herzchen! Promise me not before I go."

He was to go that day and her true little heart yearned over him; but still she coquetted. Sweeping him a low courtesy so that the folds of her kirtle brushed the floor she said with mock humility;

"I promise you not."

He caught at her hand to kiss it but she pulled it away.

"I shall go to the festa dances!" she said with a little air of defiance. "One must have something in life besides mass on a Sunday and stall work all the week."

"Oh, Lizel!" he cried, dismayed. "No betrothed maiden goes to the wirth-haus dances except with her lover. Wait till I come back from the military and I will take thee myself."

"Three years!" she exclaimed. "And it is now that I am young."

He looked at her gravely.

"I know thou wilt not, but thou art a sorry tease and readier of tongue than I."

Something in his tone touched her. After all, this pleading lover was her Hansel, who had borne her to his mountain home in a kraksen on his back, and for whom, since that day, she had been the only madchen in the world.

She stepped to his side, drew his awkward arm around her neck and leaned her head against him—that pretty, sleek head of hers, with the smoothly braided hair.

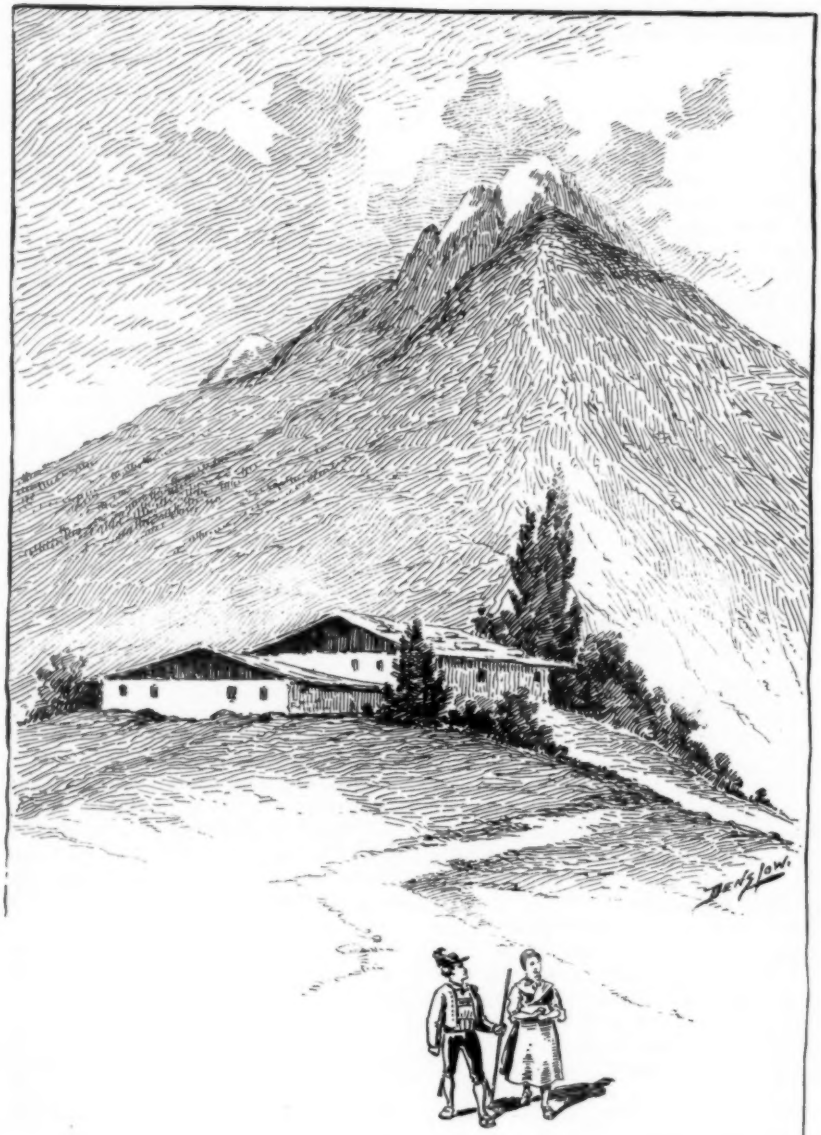
"Lieber Hansel!" she said gently. "Fear not! I will do all that thou hast said. I will honor the vater and love the mutter. I could not do otherwise. I will bide at home and tend thy beautiful white kine. I will be thy faithful liebchen until—"

"Until I serve my time, and then thou will be my little wife, nicht wahr, herzchen?"

Love has its own way the world over, and Hansel's awkwardness fell away and was forgotten as he clasped Lizel in his arms. A moment later she freed herself from him with a low laugh.

"Thou makest that I say it all, oh, thou dummkoph Hansel!"

Toward evening, Hansel donned his new uniform and strutted about the



Coming from Mass.

room holding himself erect, as no one dreamed slouching Hansel could. Frau Lizel regarded him proudly with tears in her dimmed eyes and a quivery smile on her lips, while the vater turned him round about, fingered the smooth stuff of his coat and strutted a little bit himself; but when the moment came to say good-bye, he cleared his throat once or twice, slung the knapsack over his son's shoulder, raised his hand as if in blessing, and said huskily:

"My son, put not your trust in princes!"

To the mountain farmer, used to the steadfast silence of the hills, his one text served for all expressions of deep feeling.

Anna ran away to the stalls with her kerchief pulled over her eyes, but Lizel walked hand in hand with Hansel to the brow of the cliff, that in the moment of their parting they might be alone together.

She could not tease or repulse him then, with the separation of a twelvemonth before them. She let him have it all his own way, and when at last he tore himself away and went crashing half-blindly down the mountain side, she was dizzy with his kisses and her own fast-flowing tears.

Long she watched there where he had left her; watched while a hope remained of catching one more glimpse through the trees of his silver-braided cap and listening for the far-echoing jödel of his promised farewell.

Far into the evening she sat crouching on the edge of the cliff, while the weird shadows lengthened under the slender pines and night lowered over Ifinger.

Yet a little and the evening lights began to peep out and glimmer one by one and then by twenties in the town below—beautiful Meran, where Hansel was to join his company and sleep that night.

Yet a little, until as if in responsive greeting to the twinkling lights below, the fair stars came out first one by one, and then in twenties, and then by myriads in the deep, calm blue of the sky.

Lizel was comforted.

"The stars will watch above us both!" she thought.

The three years went slowly by, as years do go, when they are filled by an unvarying round of daily toil from springtime until harvest, and from harvest until springtime again.

The summer days were long and farm work laborious, Hansel's stalwart strength being sorely missed.

Lizel's merry face was often grave, but the creamy cattle never lacked the thought which should go with their tending.

Sometimes the entire family went out into the fields together, carrying their bit of midday lunch and locking both the stable and the cottage doors behind them. Though both Hansel and Moydel were far away, frau Lizel's smile was always one of peace.

During the short, bitterly cold days of winter, which Lizel spent chiefly in the stalls, the Haus-Mutter sat at her spinning-wheel singing the old songs and telling the old stories, while she spun wool and flax against the time of Hansel's marriage, for Hansel would inherit the Hof in his right as only son.

Anna did a man's work on the farm, hauling great trees from the pine woods over the crusted snow.

Between whiles both she and Lizel prepared their treasured stores of house linen for the happy years to come, for Anna never lost faith in her farmer lover, whose kiss had burned her cheek, though the three years went by without a sign.

Twice Hansel came home for a flying visit, when he was glad enough to lay aside his smart trappings, shuffle into his homespun again, and work all day long in the sweet mountain air by the vater's side.

But he improved by his military training and his glimpse of a wider world; he lost his peasant slouch, and there was no awkwardness now in the arm that slipped so naturally

round Lizel's waist of an evening in their old cosy corner behind the stove.

The tongue was still unsteady though the lips made up for that and Lizel was not ill-pleased.

"He has not learned soft speeches by whispering into the ear of the valley maidens!" she said.

But at last the three years were over and Hansel came home to stay. He had given his tithe of service to his country and was free to love and wed and till his mountain farm all the days of his life.

Lizel packed away his uniform, his silver-braided cap with his knapsack and canteen in a cherry wood chest strewn with lavender and wild thyme. But his gun she slung upon iron hooks in the guest chamber upstairs, proud to be questioned about it by an occasional Alpinist who sought the hospitality of Steiñer over night.

The bans were published in Schöna three Sundays in succession and on the fourth Lizel slipped on her newest, heaviest kirtle over the snowy chemisette trimmed with wide linen lace at throat and sleeves; the latter being pushed above the elbows and tied with blue ribbons to match the bright blue silk of her fringed kerchief and the sky blue satin of her apron.

Truly she was a pretty mountain maid that bridal morn.

Hansel wore the Meraner costume common to the peasants of the Passeierthal; which the Empress of Austria likes so well that she has requested them not to discard it as of late, bitten with the desire of Parisian fashions, the younger peasants have seemed inclined to do.

On this, his wedding-day, Hansel wore knee breeches of chamois skin dyed black and decorated with pipings and lacings of huntsman's green, home-knit stockings of white lamb's wool gartered below the knee, a short-waisted coat or jacket of homespun, faced and lapelled with scarlet and hanging apart in front to show suspenders of green camlet running up over the shoulders and lapping cross-wise over the chest. A broad belt of dressed leather embroidered in gay silks and silver cords encircling the waist and fastened in front by enormous clasps of fine-wrought silver.

His close-cropped head bore a wide hat of soft felt which had exchanged its scarlet cord—emblem of bachelorhood—for one of green; sign manual of the benedict. Just where the broad brim tilted jauntly upwards was fastened a sheeny plume from the wild-cock's wing.

The ceremony was solemnated at six in the morning and followed by early mass as is customary in Tirol, one sacrament succeeding the other closely. Afterward the blushing bride and groom walked hand-in-hand down the village street to the inn, in company with the vater and frau Lizel and followed by many a simple village friend to wish the young couple joy.

The wedding breakfast was characteristic.

Sausage soup flavored with garlic; kneudeln—hard black balls of fried dough sprinkled with lumps of bacon, cutlets of veal, delicacy, *par excellence*, to the Tirolean; fried potatoes—because, why should you breakfast, just for once in all your life at a Gasthaus, and not have everything fairly swimming in fat? Finally, a Menlspeise, which was a thick pancake rolled over and over and filled with stewed fruit. With it all a stoup of good red wine.

The vater's face shone with oily satisfaction. Frau Lizel's blue eyes softened with mother pride; Hansel sheepishly disposed of a goodly quantity of viands and Lizel enjoyed everything just as on has a right to do on one's wedding day.

The Wirth cracked his time-worn jokes, Bas' Therese mourned over her lost kellnerin, the farmer lads envied Hansel his pretty bride and the village maids shot demure side glances at the pair who walked and sat about, hand-in-hand, all the afternoon.

But the day ended and while the

rosy Alpine glow still lingered on the hills, the vater climbed the mountain hand-in-hand with his Lizel, for in both their hearts was the memory of their own bridal eve and the young couple before them seemed like the re-embodiment of their own youth and joy and the love that had grown with the years.

Lizel slipped off her bridal attire and laid it tenderly away in the same sweet-smelling cedar chest with Hansel's uniform and cap. Then quickly donning her house dress, homely apron and hob shoes, she ran to the stalls to milk the cows, feed the cattle and tell Anna how beautiful it all had been.

But she started back and crept softly away with a smile upon her lips.

Anna was seated on the low milking-stool with her forehead flattened against Crinkle's placid side while under her deft fingers the white fluid streamed into the pail at her feet.

Beside her in the dusk of a deep, shadowy corner knelt her farmer lover from the hills beyond Schöna, flicking his whip gently in the air—it was a mere habit with him—and begging the reward of his faithful waiting.

That evening when the Litany had been said and the last Ave Maria still echoed through the house place, frau Lizel placed both hands on the shoulders of the little bride and the dimmed blue eyes looked long and lovingly into the shining brown ones.

"In the years to come when the vater and I shall both be gone—thou, little one, thou wilt be the frau Lizel."

Hansel standing near folded them both within his arms:

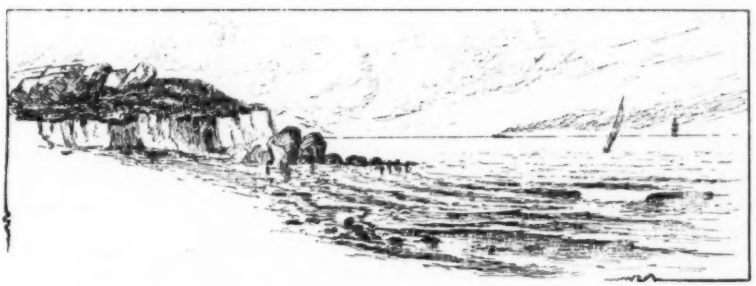
"Please God, it will be many a long day first, mutterchen!" he said.

But with the passing of the years the day came when the vater and frau Lizel were both laid to rest in the churchyard of Schöna, and thus it came to pass that the little maid who was first carried up the Ifinger in a kraksen upon Hansel's sturdy back became truly the frau Lizel to all the country round.

"If my life may be but as true and sunny and helpful as hers!" she said often—and when Hansel too had grown to be called the "vater" and to wear horn-bowed spectacles astride his nose, still ever his tenderest word to her, as she too sang at her spinning, was:

"Herzchen, thou art indeed the frau Lizel!"

It meant so much to them both—wife-love, mother-love—the loves of a lifetime.



"LIZ."

BY ADELE GLEASON.

MY little cottage at Pasadena possessed five rooms including the basement and the front porch: I intended to sleep in a white tent—blessed be its memory forever! I afterwards sold it second hand and its white wings have been divided by the four winds of heaven before now unless it has descended to some Chinaman who thought on first inspection "him make velly good shirt! Not good house, too much shakey shakey."

But it was, and warm, and the nights of February were as our June nights and the sleep in the tent was a new sleep for the tired frame and worn nerves. No upper room in the south corner, windows to the east and south can ever give tent air—and when the little bedside candle goes out, the white twilight of its canopy is like a protecting presence. Enclosed but not shut in, the tent dweller never longs for four walls again with a nasty draught from an open window. The perfume of the surrounding orange grove, the song of the mocking bird were part of the air, the air to sleep in.

Ah! what a home! Yet though home may be home without four walls, a door plate and a family, who ever imagined home without a servant? It may have been imagined, but has never been a reality! Where was to be found the one without whom a love of a cottage for the day and an orange grove for hammock dreams and sunset ecstasies, a white tent for the starlight night, were as naught!

The Native Daughters of California do not toil neither do they spin; and certainly Redfern and Worth have never arrayed any one even for presentation at court "like one of these" but they carry it off well, and have, I judge, a paradise of their own into which no Bostonian shall ever enter.

I have during my wanderings learned a precious secret. If you want a servant, go not and enquire of all your friends and relations and neighbors, who also want a servant, but go thou to some poor woman who does her own work and never "hired" a day in her life and she will tell you of some one whom "she can get to come to you or she will see if she can."

So when my laundress, a dark blonde, if one could say so of an African, promised to send me one of her people who "was not very peart, but good "'nough nigger." I agreed to take her without question.

Question! *Cui Bono*, indeed! What relation do the easy slippery evasions of that blessed race bear to questions, hard and fast they may be put? "I reckon an' I dun no," were all her eloquence. Yet her presence was acceptable. She knew her place. Rare and precious knowledge!

On looking the plantation over, she protested violently against my sleeping outside in "quarters like" while she occupied the house.

She considered this outrageous, though she admitted that nothing yet discovered, gold and diamonds included, could induce her "to sleep out do, or under a rag and a clothesline," (as she designated my fine big tent) "for fear of Chinamen and toads."

I explained that my health required tent life and that she must retire to the house, where she could lock and bolt herself in if she liked; that she must not make any noise in the morning for fear of waking me, but when she saw a handkerchief hung from the tent window she was to consider it

"My childish African was surrounded by bald-headed dolls, large red kites, blue tea pots and Joss sticks."

a signal that I was awake and wished coffee prepared and brought to me, etc.

My slave listened, arms akimbo, and spoke: "Now ma'm, I don't want to say nothin' right here on de start uv des yer 'rangements, but I can tell ye ef I get sleeping in that house dey ain't no handkercher hung out side of nowhere gwine to wake me up."

I may as well admit that this proved true. My next attempt to keep her in said house, when she was awake and I wanted to read or write in the tent, was an equal failure, in this wise. She would come pleadingly to the tent door with, "cay'nt I do nothin' for yer, Miss?"

"No thank you" (without looking up.)

"Don't yer want Liz to comb yer hair and do it up?"

"No, you know you combed it half an hour ago. Go into the house, please."

"I don wan'ter 'ter go inter de house, dey ain't nobody dar!"

"Well, go and take a walk then, its a nice day."

"Don't feel like takin' no walk. My shoes is down, and 'sides I'se 'fraid I'd meet a dog er somethin'."

"But, my dear, why are you afraid of dogs? Dogs won't hurt you."

An indescribable sideways glance from the whites of the eyes the only response. Again, the soft voice pleading, "Don' yer want me to put on yer other dress on yer, deys all busted."

"No, my dear Pussy, you know I never dress till four o'clock; now it's only half-past ten."

"Can't help dat, ma'm; ye don't look very good in dat dress; 'ta'int fit fer ye, an' 'sides that I'se so lonesome I can't sit in dat yer house nohow!"

"Well, sit on the porch, then."

"Now, Miss, yer know 'se quality every bit, an' ye don't want no niggers sittin' on yer front porch; an' dem hotel folks drivin' by every minnit."

"My dear Lizzie" (forced to laugh at last), I begged: "Can't you walk in the orange groves, and pick the blossoms and be quiet and happy a little while? I am very busy. I can't have you here."

"Ain't no grass under dem trees; never did like to walk on de ground lessen they was grass on it. I'se fetched up in old Kentuck, where the blue grass grows; can't speckilate as how comes dey ain't no grass in des yer kentry; 'peers like it dun got clean speckulated off the face of the yearth, mos' like. Nuff ter make the worl' bald-headed to whiz 'round like dey do here, gradin' and fixin' an' sellin' an' buyin'; can't tell where nuthin belongs to to-morrow; an' they ain't got no water lessen dey hunt it 'outer them big splits in de mountain an' haul it in pipes till it's biled 'fore it gets ter yer, and de lan' just over-run with the heathens from China an'—"

"Pussy, you must be quiet. Don't you want to write a letter home?"

(With a deep sigh) "Yes, mam, I been thinkin' uv that very thing; but laws, when I writes I jes get myself yink from head ter foot. It don't pay, cause ye can't read it anyway."

"Lizzie, you don't try to be good! Do get your sewing; your clothes all need mending; that dress has one sleeve almost torn out!"

"Ah, sho! What's de use of a nigger mendin' up a handfu' o' rags? 'Tain' no good sewin' em up; dey's dess sure to bus' out somewheres-else!"

When I insisted, she went to the house and returned with my work-basket, and, as a preliminary to work, turned its contents out on the floor, to look for "the needle," she said.

I could not write. Her attempts to force carpet thread through the eye of a cambric needle were too pathetic. When I had threaded a suitable needle and made a knot in the end of the thread, I turned away, but strange sounds of effort again distracted me. It was evident that the mending was being done on the clothes she wore, and that, as she had prophesied, the

rent was made worse by the struggle incident to the process.

She never borrowed my things; she possessed them. My white combs and brushes, my towels, fans, handkerchiefs and laces became hers. Once I asked for my button-hook. Her tone expressed reproof. "What yer want'er that yer hook, I like ter know? It ain' no use ter yer. Ain't I yere for ter button yer shoes and put 'em on ter yer feet? Don't 'spect to do it yerself, der ye?

I was silenced: the same argument applied to my postage stamps and family Bible, when, behind me on the floor she would sit, breathing hard over a book, or in sweet slumber. It reminded her so sweetly of "Kentuck" so to spend the long hours that I was obliged to submit to this dog-like companionship.

When thus at peace nothing but my voice would rouse her; the butcher's and baker's calls were not heeded and a short dinner would be the result.

On Sunday I in vain offered the best of bribes in ribbon and perfumery to induce her to go to church. "'Tain' no use, 'haint got no religion ever since I left ole 'Kentuck.' Don't car nothin' for white folks' relign', an' dey ain't 'nuff niggers in 'des 'sperimentin' little town to raise a Hallalulah!"

But she had her value; she was a cook—a real cook. Now and again an acquaintance came to lunch and asked me with tears in their eyes where I got such a cook, such a splendid cook.

My little impromptu lunches were served on the veranda (from necessity) and the guests knew not that I found the frying-pan on the gaslight blue plush sofa, nor the lace curtains trailing in the soup dishes! Nothing brought out my "Kentucky" "blue grass" nigger but "company," magic word! She "flounced" at once, turned her apron, made a cap from my best handkerchief, a tucker from a pillow sham, and even buttoned her shoes and served what she called a "course dinner," being fantastic relays of food served each time on a fresh piece of China, not always appropriate, and trading off the few nice pieces between hostess and guest with an eye to produce an effect of profusion, most laughable to see. She was a sincere devotee of appearance, and deplored on my account rather than her own, that she was not a "stylish nigger."

Her earnings or rather my spendings, I induced her to save, hoping to set her up in a room with a gasoline stove (a laundress' outfit for the summer) but alas, on an unlucky day, when I was away, a Chinese peddler came along, and, when I returned, all her three months' wages had been forwarded to China. My childish African was surrounded by bald-headed dolls, large red kites, blue teapots and Joss sticks.

She took my reproof meekly and made me still more unhappy by confessing that she had bought most of the articles as presents for myself.

I gave her notice three weeks before I left for the mountains, but the idea of "looking for a place" was not to be taught—her.

"Maybe yer want ter go away," was her only reply to my urging. "What's de use lookin for somebody else long's you se yere."

When at last I went she said: "Cayn't I just stay here and eat up what you's left?"

I heard afterwards that she did, and the leavings lasted five days, then she began to look for a place.

Ah! sad to tell, nobody wanted such a shiftless nigger. Nobody but me whom she always spoke of as "the right sort, ye know, a jes' right down lady! Ought ter be in 'Kentuck' sted of takin' up with Californy ways an' speckulatin.'"

I believe the good Sisters of the House of Mercy, Los Angeles, took the last care of my "worthless nigger" and I some time think, that I, too, would like their white-winged faces over my dying bed.

THE CROWN OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY,

PASADENA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

THE musical intonation of a distant mission bell, a soft balmy air, the odor of the orange blossom, a wealth of flowers, a crazy-quilt of color, the rustle of banana leaves as of gentle rain, the melody of birds on a midwinter day; the silent reverence. Our point of vantage was in the San Rafael hills that rise to the west of Pasadena. We had reached the summit by forcing our horses through a forest of yellow mustard, the golden flower reaching above our heads, a sea of color, a literal field

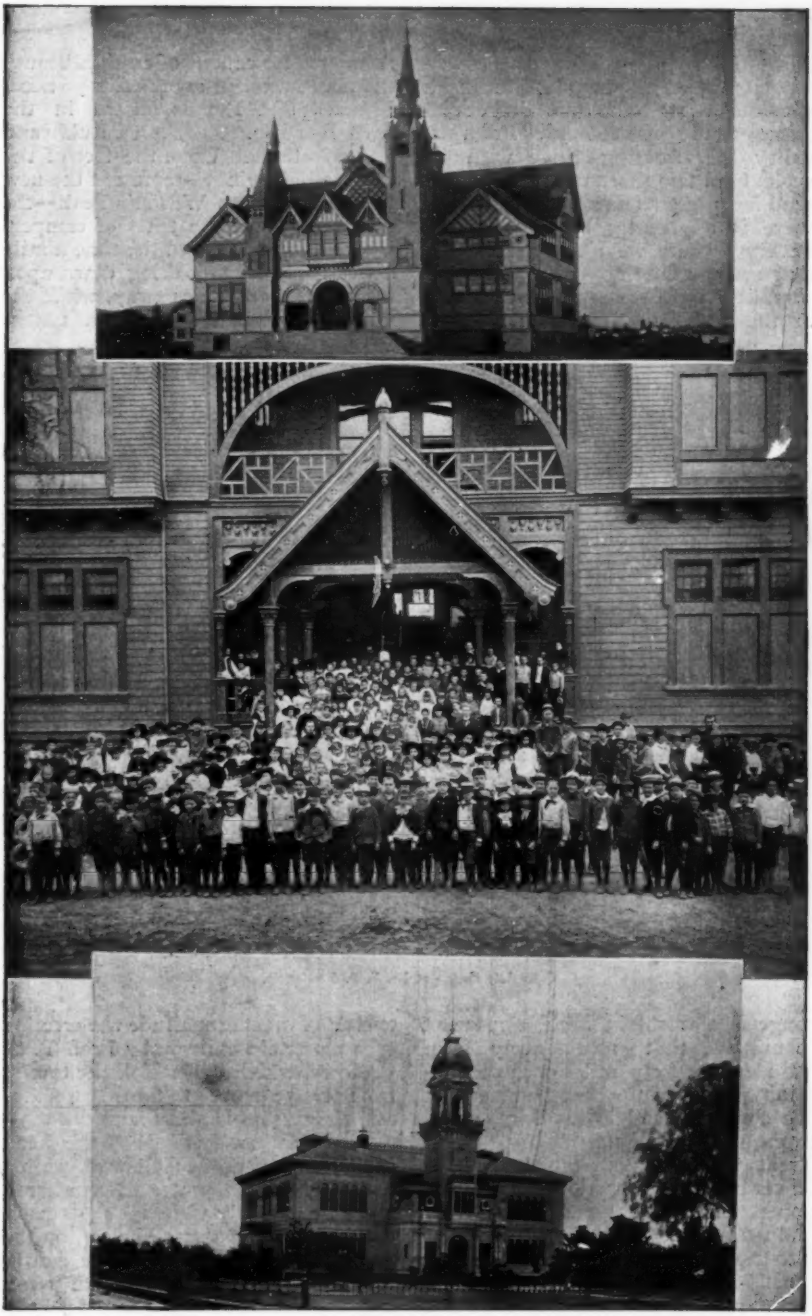
Colorado Street, looking East.

gleam of snow on distant mountains—this is Pasadena, the crown of the San Gabriel Valley, Southern California, about whose hills, slopes, and among whose groves, there lingers the romance and mystery of centuries. No more gracious tribute to this land of the afternoon could be paid than that of my friend, the doctor, a true lover of nature, who as we reached a hill-top and looked out upon the wondrous scene of winter and semi-tropic summer face-to-face, sat motionless upon his horse and raised his sombrero in

of the cloth of gold to look down upon. Below us was the famous San Gabriel that might have been the valley of Sindbad, its floor strewn with priceless gems walled in by lofty mountains.

For twenty-five or thirty miles we trace it to the east—ranches, homes, vineyards, groves of oak and eucalyptus, telling of groves of orange, lemon, lime, hedges of pomegranate, fields of grain and stretches where the fruits of all climes meet in fellowship.

The valley is perhaps ten miles wide,

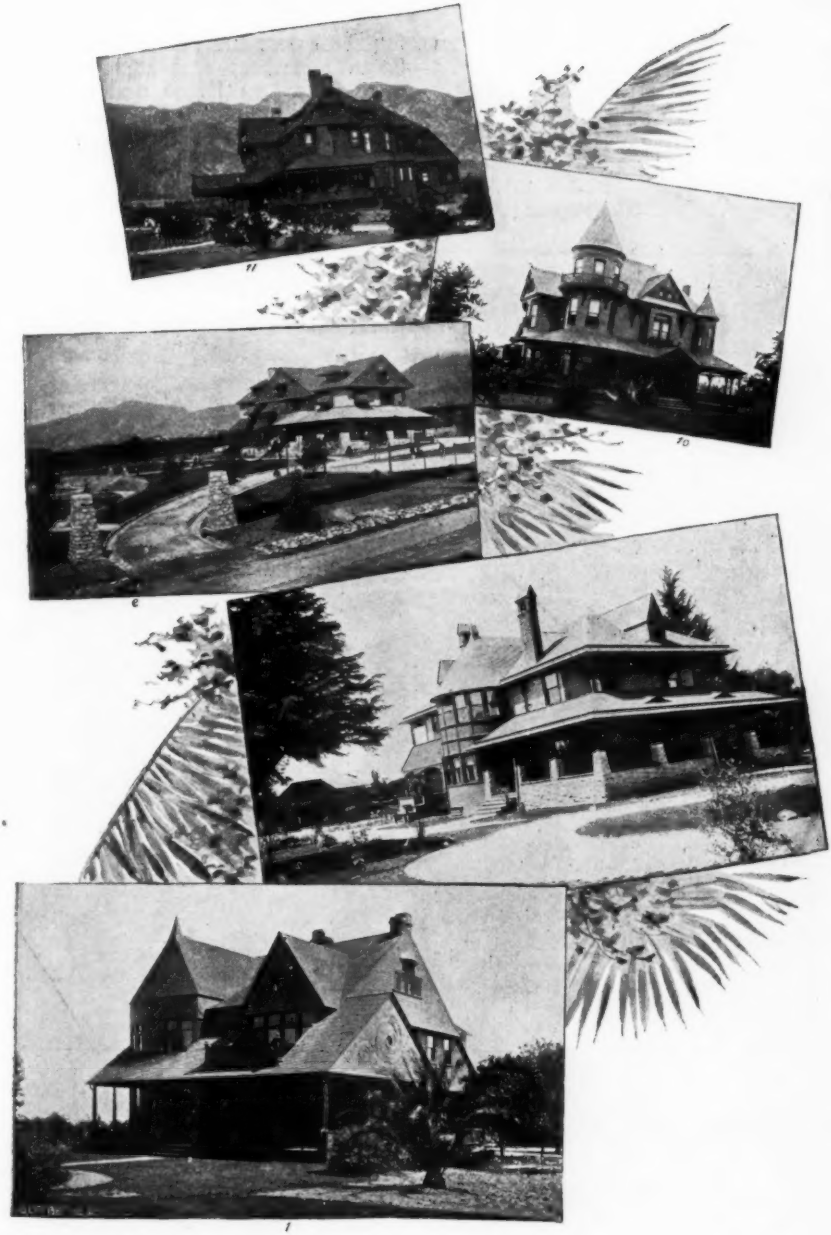


Public Schools of Pasadena.

its southern border being the green-topped mission hills, while to the north rise the maze of mountain chains known as the Sierra Madre. From the valley the fronting ridge with its peaks from two thousand to six thousand feet presents an abrupt wall—and there is apparently but one range, but from where we sit in the saddle range after range appears—peaks and summits in endless number, until lost in the distance. The Sierra Madre range is a world in itself, a maze of mountains, that reach away from Pasadena for forty miles or more containing some of the finest scenery on the continent and abounding in picturesque cañons and flashing trout streams. The cañons are deep rivers of verdure winding down from the upper range representing the wear and tear of centuries, deep gorges, cut into the heart of the Sierras by purling brooks of summer and the rushing torrents and melting snows of winter. Among these cañons of especial beauty that face Pasadena are the Arroyo Seco, Milliard and Eatons shown in the present article. Los Flores, Rubio and several others. Upon the face of the range—light lines—represent the new trail that reaches Wilson's Peak—the white spots are the tents of campers where hundreds spend the time a mile above the Pacific looking down upon its waters thirty miles away, while the white tents below suggest an under-taking of great magnitude the erection of a mountain railway by Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, which will whisk the tourist from orange groves to toboggan slides and sleighrides in sixty minutes.

Calla Lily Hedge at Dr. F. F. Rowland's.

Pasadena itself stands at the head of this Valley of San Gabriel, walled in by the Sierras, protected from harsh winds, and rarely visited by storms of any kind. The Sierra Madres, on the north, the Mission Hills to the south, the San Rafael range to the west, constitute an environment singularly



Courtesy of Roehrig & Locke, Architects.

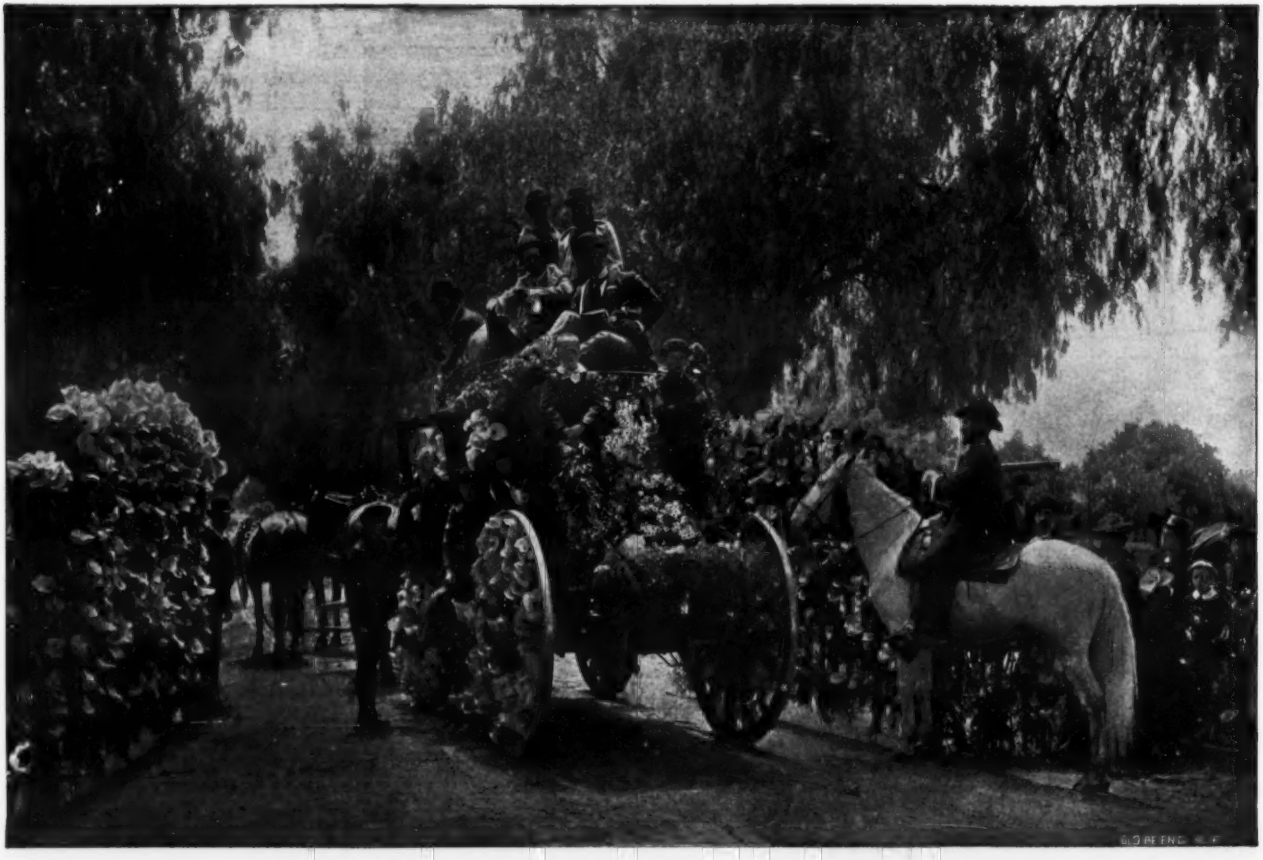
Pasadena Homes.

1—Residence of H. M. Singer, (Chicago). 2—C. S. Christy, (Buffalo). 9—Hon. Joseph Medill, (Chicago *Tribune*). 10—A. A. Libby, (Chicago). 11—Dr. G. G. Green.

favorable to the production of an incomparable climate. The town stands at the very head of the valley, resting on the edge of the deep Arroyo Seco, extending away for three miles or more, breaking up into the towns of Lamanda, Alhambra and Lincoln Park, reaching up to the very foot of the grim mountains. The original discoverers of the site were the Indians, who held the land centuries ago, and that they early recognized the location as one particularly favorable is shown by the numerous camp sites that have been excavated and the quantity of stone implements found all over the place. When the Spanish fathers wandered up the coast from San Diego and founded the old mission of San Gabriel, on the southern borders of the town, they found the Indians in possession and the plain of the valley covered with sagebrush and groves of live-oak.

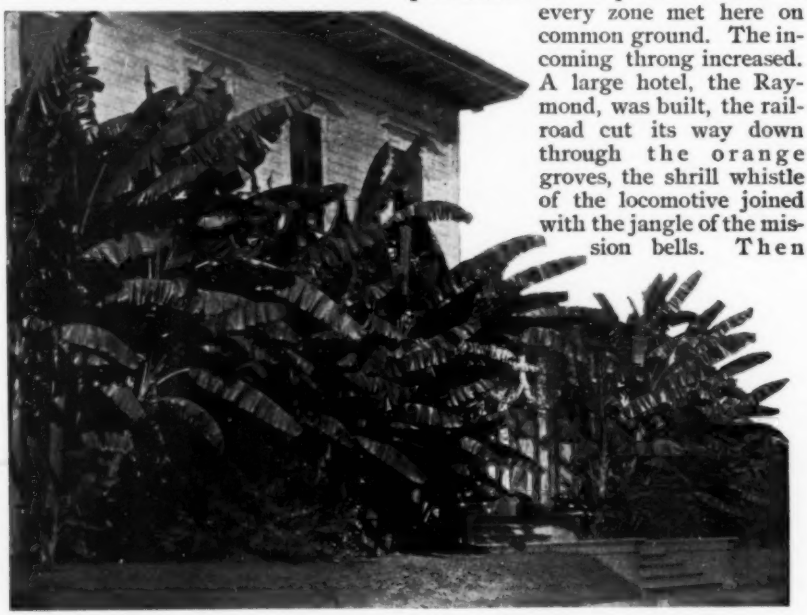
Universalist Church, Pasadena.

The land passed into the hands of the great Spanish land-holders, and was used for herding purposes alone, and considered a little less than a waste, carpeted with brilliant flowers in winter, dry and dusty in summer. It was such a land that met the eyes of the pioneers of the Indiana colony

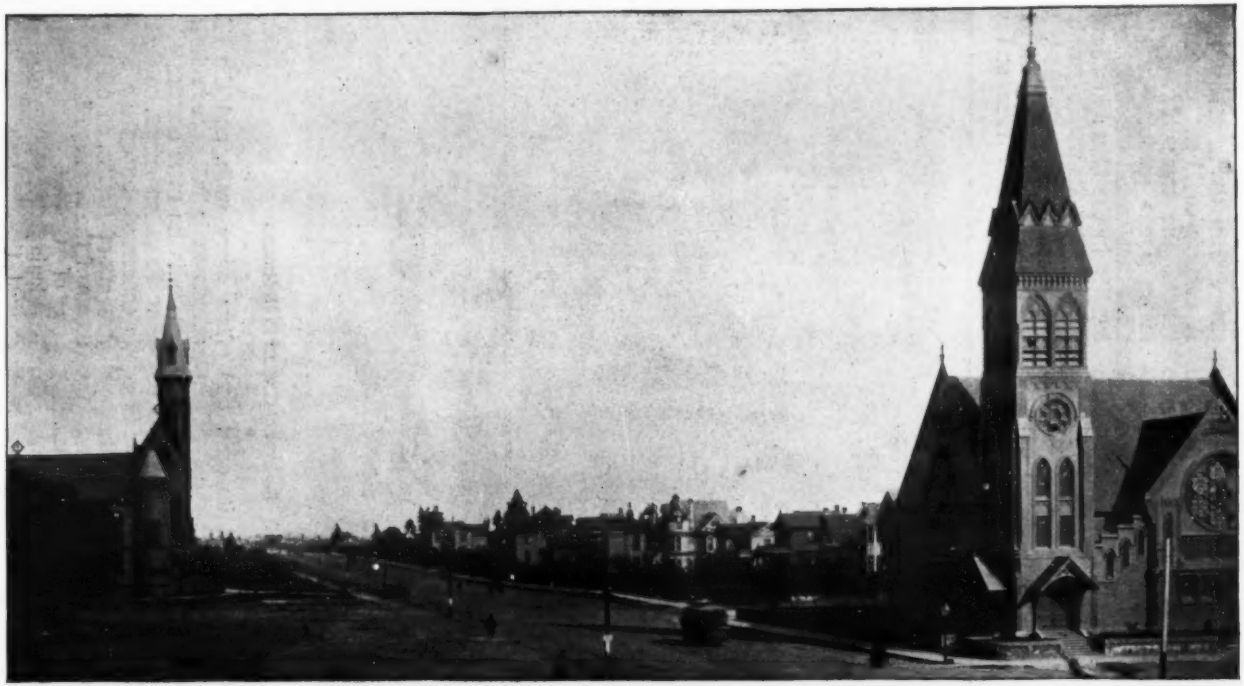


The Valley Hunt Tally-ho, passing Gate of Calla Lilies, Tournament of Roses, January 1st.

less than two decades ago—not a house in sight, not a field of grain; nothing but the pure air, the flowers and birds, the lofty mountains and a something that told of rest, peace and contentment. The representatives of the colony had examined all Southern California, and the present site of Pasadena was their choice. The land was divided up, and the Indiana colony became a town and was named Pasadena by Mr. Elliott, one of the original founders. These sturdy men and women planted the orange, lemon, apple, pear, the pomegranate, peach and palms; note the contrast. The virgin soil was planted with grain, every home blossomed as the rose and soon a veritable garden appeared, where sheep had grazed not long before. In five years this portion of the San Gabriel Valley was an orange grove, through which streets and avenues were cut, and of which the famous Orange Grove avenue of to-day is a type. The colony grew by having its virtues sung by stray visitors. Among the settlers and those who came later were many invalids who had come to Pasadena as a last hope. Rumor reached the East that these invalids had not only recovered, but were active business men and farmers. So Pasadena grew, its dwellers claiming for it the most perfect all-the-year-round climate in the world—a soil so productive that the products of almost every zone met here on common ground. The incoming throng increased. A large hotel, the Raymond, was built, the railroad cut its way down through the orange groves, the shrill whistle of the locomotive joined with the jangle of the mission bells. Then came the "boom." Thousands of speculators came to Pasadena, and its orchards, its orange groves were cut up into lots. The population reached almost twenty thousand at times, values increased, fine blocks rose like magic, palatial homes appeared, avenues were laid out with miles of stone walks, and the town became a beautiful city of homes. New schemes for improvement were constantly proposed, rapid transit came in the Terminal road, horse-car lines, and with the Southern



Bananas in a sunny corner of a Pasadena Home.



Presbyterian Church.

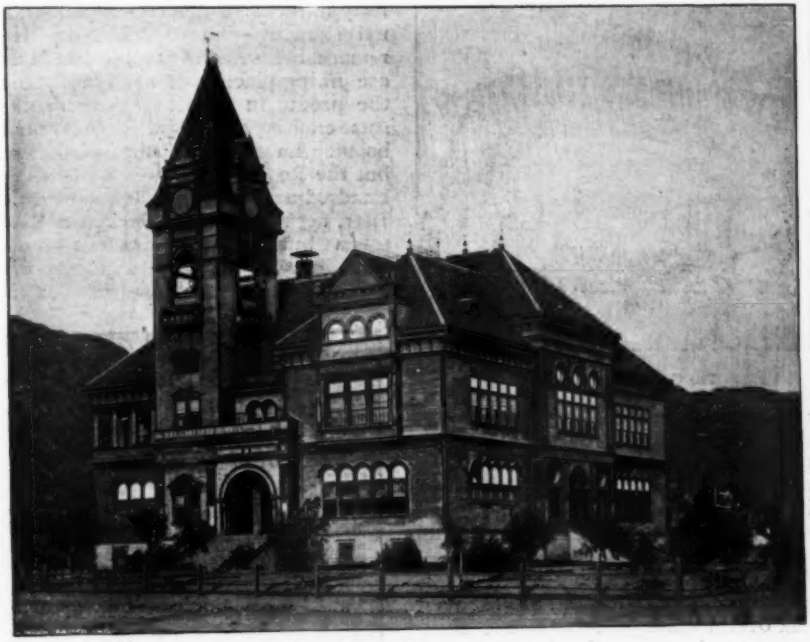
Colorado Street, Pasadena.

Methodist Church.

Pacific on the south, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé running directly through the city and the Terminal passing through it to the mountains, Pasadena possessed remarkable railroad facilities which added to its wealth. There were those who prophesied ruin, as shrinkage always came after inflation, and come it did, but, owing to the substantial improvements that had been made, the town held its own, and after a brief period of inactivity, Pasadena took on a new growth. It was now known the world over as a pleasure and health resort. Thousands of tourists visited it every season, and every year wealthy men, attracted by the fair land, invested in homes, and apparently vied with each other in making their places attractive and beautiful. The result is, that nowhere in America can be found so new a place, with conditions so desirable. A century could not produce better results, the town having all that maturity can produce—social conditions that would be enviable in any locality in the East; in short, while cosmopolitan, its people have built up a community that is ideal, viewed from any point. Among its residents are distinguished men and women from every walk, and the life here reflects their influence in its affairs. There is an utter absence of border life. Pasadena might, so far as this is concerned, be on the Hudson or just out of Boston, as all the refinements of the East are here, with but few of the disagreeable features. Pasadenians here made a good fight against the open saloon. They do not object to the hotels offering the

Residence of Governor H. H. Markham

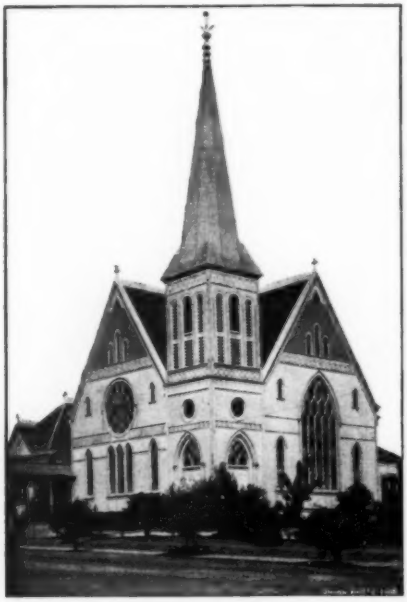
wines of their vineyards to tourists, but they have put their heel on the saloon, which debases youth and corrupts public morals, and as a result, the law is seldom broken, and the moral atmosphere is singularly fresh and pure. When to this we add the best of educational facilities; schools of all grades and equipped as California only equips its schools; institutions of learning from the kindergarten to Throop University; churches of almost every denomination; an intelligent and progressive press, we see why Pasadena has grown so in public favor, why its ranks are being reinforced continually by accessions from the best people of the East.



Public School, North Pasadena.

Pasadena is essentially a city of homes—yet almost every dweller here is a rancher with from a lot to one or more acres which produces something from guavas to peaches, or English walnuts to oranges. We pass down Orange Grove avenue lined with attractive homes—a street over a mile long cut through an orange grove that produces golden fruit and dollars to the dwellers therein. The houses are often embowered in roses, surrounded by palms, well-kept hedges, of Monterey cypress while the La France rose, the calla lily or the pomegranate is made to do similar duty to the astonishment of the tourist from the East. Fan and date palms line the sidewalk, the Spanish bayonet or century plant does duty as a gate post, while the grotesque yucca and the broad-leafed banana rustles in the gentle wind as we pass. Down this avenue we ride, the air redolent with the aroma of orange blossoms, the golden fruit gleaming in the trees; yet we see the snow banks of San Antonio and San Jacinto ever before us. On such a day I stood with my friend and

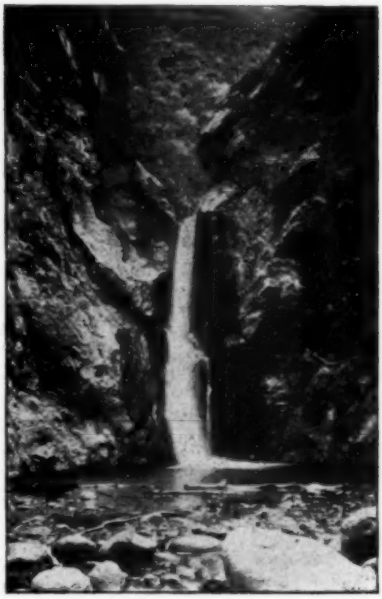
watched a snow blizzard on the former mountain. About us all was peace; the



The Congregational Church.

meadow lark was the only disturbing element, a day that butterflies might rest on the air, yet far above us on the upper range a mighty wind was blowing and we stood with the aroma of the orange in our nostrils and watched the snow fly. Up the north side of San Antonio it swept, now in flurries, gathering force, as it went, bowled over and over by the gale until it reached the summit where it shot upward, a gigantic snowy wraith hundreds of feet into the air to be borne writhing away and finally lost in the warm currents from the summer land below. Not a portion of Pasadena but has its attractions. Marengo avenue is of another type, its sides lined with the graceful pepper which forms a perfect arch. Colorado street with its churches and homes, avenues, lined with attractive places lead to the mountains and Altadina where we find residences that call to mind those along the Riviera in Southern Europe with conditions identical.

Pasadena being but nine miles from Los Angeles, a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, does not pretend to be a business center yet almost every commercial interest is found here. There are three banks, doing a highly successful business. The two national banks which have a capitalization of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, did a business in the past year amounting in volume to forty millions of dollars—a phenomenal showing—but explained by the remarkable sales of real estate that are taking place here continually and the profits in fruits. Pasadena saw some exciting events during the famous boom. Land then sold for speculation, but the Recorder's office shows seven hundred and fifty transactions during 1891, aggregating in value one million seven hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred and ninety-five dollars, the land being bought in



Eaton Cañon, Pasadena.

Opera House of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, Pasadena.

every case for actual resident purposes.

A large amount of property has been bought by wealthy Chicago men. Andrew McNally, of Rand & McNally, and Joseph Medill of the Chicago *Tribune*, two representative men of Chicago are found in Pasadena in winter and who own palatial places there.

The Cherokee Rose Gate at "Carmalita."

Pasadena is especially famous for its homes, among which, having grounds of especial beauty may be mentioned those of Governor H. H. Markham, Hon. P. M. Green, President of the First National Bank; Judge Magee, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, the well-known scientist; E. F. Hurlbut, Mr. Scoville, Andrew McNally and Joseph Medill of Chicago, Here is "Carmalita" of Dr. Ezra Carr and many more too numerous to mention in a magazine article. In almost every instance these homes are surrounded by a variety of verdure that is an enigma to the visitor. The Pasadenian steps into his dooryard and finds roses blooming every day in the year. He can pick oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, loquats, pomegranates, grapes, every small fruit according to season. The almond and the pear, palms and nectarines, olives and English walnuts, and a score or more grow on this same ten-acre lot that appears to have extraordinary productive powers. The orange ranks among the first in value and many of the most beautiful homes here are surrounded by groves that bring a goodly income to the owner who does not pretend to be a "rancher."

Statistics are dry reading as a rule, but the writer may be pardoned for introducing a few figures in this connection — facts of interest to the eastern reader.

The residence of the Hon. P. M. Green, President of the First National Bank, is surrounded in part by orange trees, the grove covering four and a half acres. The trees are fifteen years old and their care costs him two hundred dollars a year. In 1890, he sold the fruit from the four and a half acres for thirteen hundred dollars, and in 1891, for twelve hundred dollars. From six acres C. C. Brown realized one thousand and eighty dollars net. Butler Talmadge sold the fruit of nine acres on the trees for one thousand dollars.

Dr. G. Roscoe Thomas realized from an acre and a half about his house three hundred and fifty dollars. E. A. Bonine secured from one hundred Eureka lemon trees, five hundred boxes at from one to two dollars per box—suggestive figures for eastern farmers who make less on a much greater acreage.

Pasadena is in the heart of the orange belt and in and about the town there are planted two hundred and ten

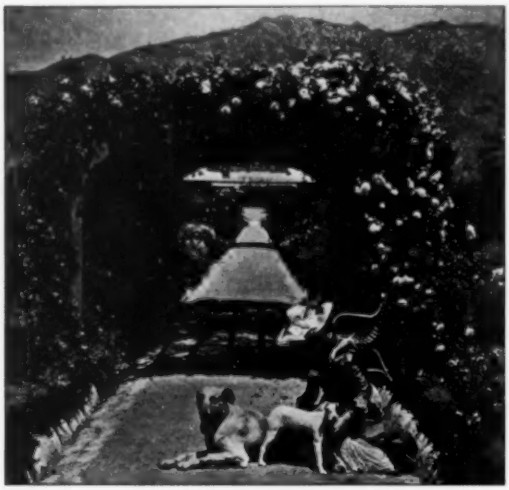
thousand seedling orange trees over ten years old; six thousand trees from five to ten years old; twenty-eight thousand seven hundred budded trees over ten years of age; twenty-seven thousand nine hundred trees from five to ten years old; fifteen thousand trees under five years of age and ten thousand lemon trees. The total acreage in oranges is one thousand three hundred and fifty; in lemons, one hundred and fifty while the acreage in deciduous fruits is fifteen hundred acres, an interesting showing for a young town. Last year this district shipped to the east seventy-five hundred boxes of oranges or two hundred and twenty-five carloads; while of deciduous fruits, dried and otherwise, about two hundred carloads are sent out every year.

The orange picking begins in February and lasts late into the spring. Then comes the picking of the apricot, peach and other fruits. Last season the Pasadena Packing Company put up two hundred and fifty thousand cans of peaches, apricots and pears, and ten thousand pounds of strawberries. The Bishop Cook Crystallizing Company used over twenty-five tons of citrus and deciduous fruits last year, employing many people, illustrative of the work done in a town that is not professedly a business center, and suggestive of the possibilities of wage earning there. Pasadena has possibly been productive of more happiness, and has seen the renewal of hope in the human heart, to a greater extent than any other place in America. Here are scores of men and women, appearing in the best of health, who were given up in the East, and took Southern California as a forlorn hope; and hundreds of others who, if not cured, find here a renewal of life, its joys and pleasures. Pasadena is a health resort in the best sense. Its clear sunshine for days at a time, its varieties of climate from valley to mountain, from cañon to plain, afford almost every condition desired. It affords an opportunity for life the year around in the open air, with an absence of the trying conditions which hold in the East. It is almost impossible to describe the climate. The average

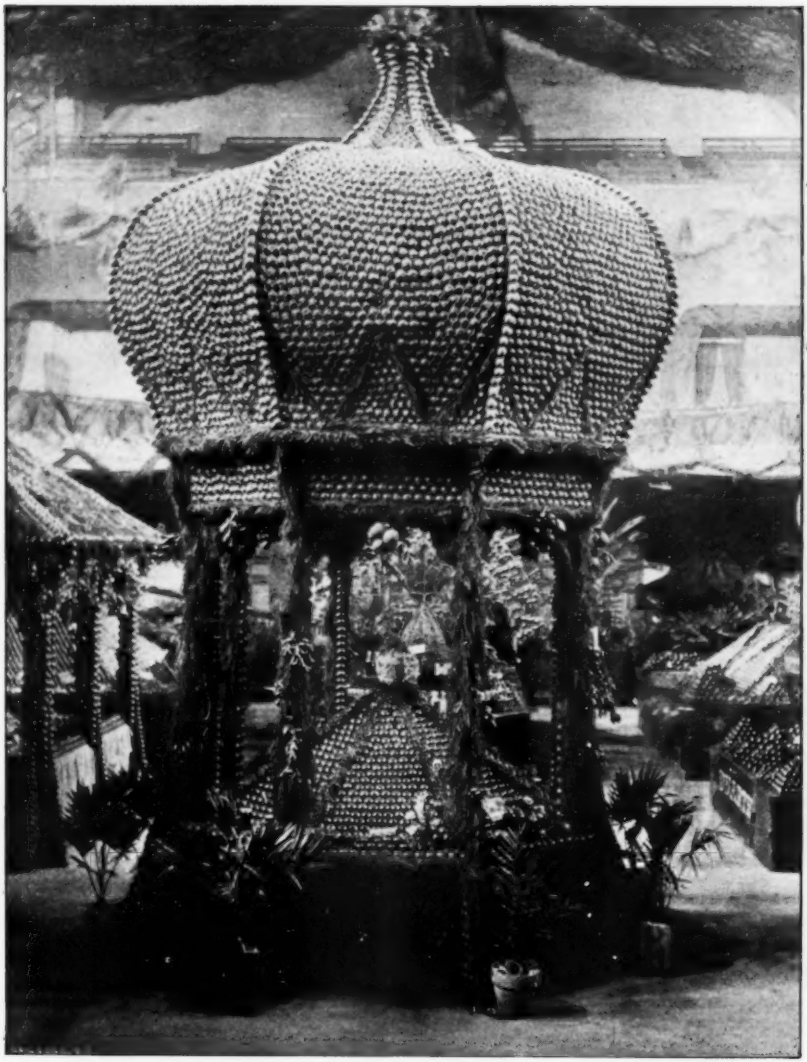
In a Pasadena Garden "El Retiro."

summer is cooler than that of any city of the East. Nights are always cool. During the summer it rarely ever rains, yet green lawns and a wealth of flowers carpet the city. Winter comes as a cool summer, and is heralded by the coming of rain and wild flowers. The land is covered with the latter—a grand and impressive sight. Rains fall every three or four weeks, in winter the yearly fall amounting to perhaps twenty inches, making

a rainy season much less than in the East, and so the seasons pass, melting into each other, without the striking changes from extreme heat to cold, which mark the seasons in the East. While Pasadena is famous for its cures, it is best known as a pleasure resort, its delightful scenery, its drives, walks and natural beauties attracting hundreds every year, making its winter as gay as many of the famous resorts of Europe. For the lover of out-of-door sport, the locality is unequaled. Horseback riding is in high favor! Here the famous Valley Hunt Club holds forth, its club-house, being a cozy, flower-embowered cottage on the borders of the Arroyo Seco. The club is devoted to the encouragement of out-of-door sports, keeps its kennel of fox and greyhounds, and includes in its membership some of the finest men and women cross-country riders in California. A winter day with the Hunt Club is a revelation to the Eastern visitor. The Valley Hunt at the first of the year gives a tournament of roses—a carnival of flowers—to celebrate the ripening of the orange, at which the town is thronged with visitors, who witness the revival of the old Spanish games of the tournament, and pelt each other with flowers. There are other clubs here, as the Pickwick, that has entertained many distinguished visitors; the Bait Club, that holds forth by the trout streams of the Upper Sierras; the Athletic and many more covering a wide field of interest. In a place where so many interests center, we may expect continued growth, and such is the outlook for Pasadena. It has the advantage of any health resort in permitting residence the year around, summer being considered the most advantageous period for the invalid. In the Riviera, the summer is one of intense heat, and the invalid corps retreats to Switzerland and other resorts to the north. In a residence of eight years, winter and summer, the writer is prepared to say that the summers at Pasadena are more comfortably spent than in any town or city in the East. True, there are warm days, but in all this period I have never heard of a case of sunstroke, while in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, the rise of the mercury to ninety degrees is followed by numerous tragedies among adults, while thousands of infant lives pay the penalty of the hot wave. In all these years, I have never experienced but one or two nights where the heat was uncomfortable. As a rule, a blanket is required. In this period, I have seen one thunder storm in the valley, and have heard thunder perhaps half a dozen times. A mad dog is an unknown quantity—a fact that may be enumerated among the curiosities of the climate. In brief, after a residence in Florida and a knowledge of all the resorts of the country, I consider that the invalid has a better chance here than elsewhere—not the



Walk at Andrew McNally's.



Pasadena's Crown of Oranges at the Citrus Fair, Los Angeles.

invalid who sits around the hotel office, but the one who will go out into the country and occupy himself with something, and live the outdoor life. This is the secret of Pasadena's

valids, and during the winter the hotels are filled with throngs, that have fled from snow and ice, and are taking their vacation among the flowers of California. Parties are made up for trips to the

Public Library, Pasadena.

cure. It has a marvelous number of out-of-door, clear, sunshiny days, and more, there are a score of men and women living here who have traversed the entire globe, lived in the famous health resorts of Europe, who have selected Pasadena as their home—a telling argument in favor of California, one that is practically unanswerable, and suggests that this section is becoming the great sanitarium of the world. It should not be imagined that Pasadena has the appearance of a health resort. This feature is not apparent in the slightest degree, as pleasure seekers far outnumber the in-

old mission of San Gabriel, two or three miles away; to San Fernando, twenty miles; to the ocean, an hour's ride. To those who care for mountain climbing, San Antonio is within reaching distance—forty miles away—where a climb of nine or ten thousand feet awaits the tourists, and where the mountain sheep is the sole inhabitant, while Mt. Wilson, six thousand feet above the sea, is at the doors of Pasadena. Farther away is San Jacinto and other mountains, where a glacier may be seen, while the surrounding ranges afford endless attractions to the lover of nature.

MEN OF THE DAY—PROF. T. S. C. LOWE.

BY JAMES SPENCER BRAINARD.

THE period between 1835 and 1855 to 1860 was an exceedingly significant one in the annals of the United States. The generation then maturing into ripe manhood was to witness the most gigantic civil war ever known in history. On the shoulders of the then young men, there were to be imposed responsibilities, from the burdens of which, the strongest might well quail. Yet it cannot be asserted except from a strictly military point of view, that the nation was unprepared to meet the vast issues at stake. Deducting the colored element, one supreme source of power characterized the people of the United States then as now, *i. e.*, their splendid capacity which had become, as it were, second nature, an all prevailing national trait of self-confidence, and an ever-ready adaptability in the face of unexpected emergencies.

These qualities, as subsequent events thoroughly demonstrated, proved more valuable than arsenals or forts. Again, the nation had largely outgrown mere provincialism in all its phases, and was vigorously grasping the idea of one great nation with a destiny too noble to be frittered away in issues, mundane only to a portion of an imperial domain.

President Monroe, Senators Daniel Webster, Benton and Sumner had familiarized the nation with an intellectual conception of the future of the United States, that greatly enlarged and as well ennobled the nation's own ideals. While the "Great Pathfinder" stood before the country with the prestige of almost a Columbus on land, adding the physical supplement to the intellectual horizon, which the statesmen had given to the orators and poets of the period.

Into these broadening realms of national greatness Kossuth came, giving anew, as Lafayette had done before him, an international and forcible interpretation in his masterly oratory of what is implied in the moral hegemony of the Republic.

Dana, Emerson and Bryant were forcing recognition of American scholarship and culture among the most select circles of European students, while Hiram Powers loomed up on the horizon of the new world as its future Phidias. Then came the scientific triumphs of Morse and Field, increasing the debt already heavy, which civilization had incurred by the splendid services of Benjamin Franklin to electrical science. This was the picturesque and exceedingly suggestive setting of the great scene in the midst of which the subject of this biographical memoir found himself—an alert, ingenious young man, conscious of his own ability to play a legitimate part in the intense activity all about him.

It is often noticeable, in the domain of science as in all other directions, that when a new series of scientific achievements are about to be added to the equipment of mankind, the great institutions of learning, instead of "leading off" in furnishing a pioneer, are exceedingly apt to wait for the appearance of that worthy individual from some unexpected quarter, and dispute the value of his discoveries to be begun with, because it did not come through proper academic sources. Then subsequently establish a "professorship" for the promotion of those very same scientific enquiries which at first it resented through a sense of affronted dignity. This was of course more emphatically true a generation ago than to-day. Benjamin Franklin

in the department of electrical science, Watts in the application of steam to the locomotive, and John Erickson in the line of original applications of the sciences of physics and mathematics to naval construction, are a few of the innumerable examples that might be named.

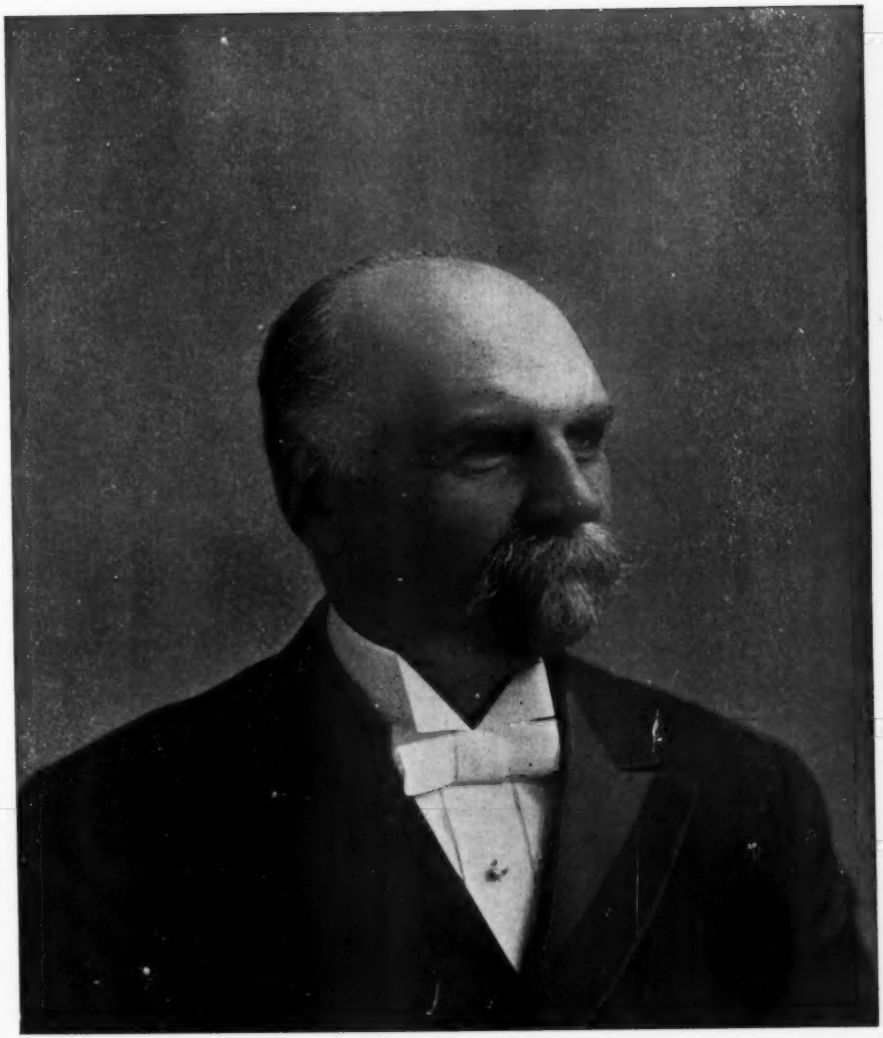
In the period between 1850 to 1870, there was inaugurated on both sides of the Atlantic the most comprehensive researches in hydrographics. Out of the remarkable investigations through the Mediterranean, the Indian and Pacific oceans, there came much of the epoch making material of the "Origin of Species." From the equally important dredgings of the North Atlantic, came among other results the defined and explored route of the Atlantic "cable." "But," said the subject of this sketch to himself: "If the oceans of the globe are so well worthy of exploration, what of the ocean around us in which we live, move and have our being, as well as constituting the 'sea' in which the earth itself has moved in her eventful career for millions of years, perhaps? Why not investigate that as well?"

For reasons already given, no help was then to be expected from the "Seats of Learning." But the youth who had drawn inspiration from the same mountains that had nourished a Daniel Webster was not to be hindered by the absence of "proper" scientific encouragement from the recognized sources of instruction. If any one at that period had proposed to a staid professor of science at an established and well-endowed college, that a series of balloon journeys be undertaken for the scientific exploration of the ocean above and around us, he would have been promptly told "that since the days of Montgolfier, the balloons have been a toy, the medium of exploits of more or less hair-brained adventurers, and were destined to so remain." But this pioneer of science anticipated all such rebuffs from established authorities.

Prof. Lowe went on with his ascensions, several thousand in all, including those for military purposes and the scientific results attained constitute the very foundation of that elaborate establishment, now known as the "Meteorological Bureau" of the United States government. It has rendered the country exceedingly valuable services; it has trained up under its own auspices whole corps of trained observers, and as part of the new Department of Agriculture, it is now represented in every Cabinet meeting, through the Secretary of Agriculture, to whose department it has been transferred. The meteorological division of the United States Department of Agriculture is now the recognized model for similar bureaus, which practically subdivides the atmospheric phenomena of the globe, between the trained meteorologists now stationed all over the world.

It is perhaps just to accord France the foremost position among European nations in this branch of scientific inquiry. And it is equally interesting to observe, that as France was the first among foreign nations to honor in unstinted measures the scientific attainments of Benjamin Franklin, which, as everybody is aware, started in experiments with flying kites, so the institution bearing his name was the first to recognize the extraordinary value of Professor Lowe's observations of atmospheric currents, obtained through actual aerial journeys. Appreciation now came very rapidly. The Smithsonian Institute requested the presence of the scientist and student of the upper air currents, the full significance and importance of which had begun to be realized by the world of science.

At the breaking out of the war, Professor Lowe was in the midst of many extremely important investigations, and naturally the attention of the government was attracted to them, and after the famous experimental trip, which was the longest and quickest in the history of aeronautics, taking him from Cincinnati to the coast



Prof. T. S. C. Lowe.

of South Carolina between 4 A. M. and 12 M. the same day, he was requested to organize the aeronautic corps of which he became the head, receiving the position and rank of Chief Aeronaut of the U. S. Army. This feature of the war history, when written, will make a volume of intense interest, productive, as it was, of important results in many engagements in which the United States forces were victorious.

The air above afforded the only unobstructed highway. And this, Prof. Lowe and assistant scientists improved to the utmost. When one remembers the exceedingly important part played by the French balloon service during the Franco-German war, only six to seven years later, more especially during the siege of Paris, and recalls as well, recent dispatches from the border of Germany and Russia, commenting on the audacious air-navigators, observing the manœuvers of the Russian troops, right above their heads within lines where the Russians considered themselves entirely exempt from all foreign inspection, one begins to recognize the exceedingly practical import of this so-called "toy," that so many "performers" have done their best to bring into disrepute. For some sixty to ninety days, the Parisians had no other mail service during their late war. Their city was absolutely "invested" in every nook and corner. If one could have had access to that "balloon correspondence," what an "inside view" one would have obtained possession of, relating as it would to one of the most tragic episodes in modern war history, the submission through bomb-shells and starvation, by the haughty invaders of the proudest city in the civilized world.

Among the many valued acknowledgments of Professor Lowe's service to science, the proffered offer from Dom Pedro, (probably the most enlightened man of the then reigning monarchs,) of the rank of Major-General, must have been the most appreciated, though the scientist found it preferable to decline the distinction tendered as well as the services involved; that of organizing a balloon service in connection with the Imperial Army in Brazil.

Professor Lowe's health had been put to a severe strain during the period of the war, and a temporary retirement for the restoration of health and vigor became imperative. Before doing so, however, he saw to it that the Emperor Dom Pedro's request was complied with to the extent of sending him a corps of assistants, that had been trained under his supervision. This corps rendered the Imperial Government very material service, more especially in the Paraguayan war.

The demand for gas, by the balloon service, led to a thorough and comprehensive mastery of all the chemical processes, incidental to the manufacturing of gas products. Chemistry being from the start among Professor Lowe's earliest and favorite studies. That there was ample room for improvements became evident enough in a very brief period of investigation. Everybody is familiar with the revolution caused by the introduction of "Natural Gas" in the manufacturing regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Professor Lowe is the inventor of a process of gas manufacturing for light and fuel which is doing for the country at large, more especially its domestic hearths, what mother Nature has done for the limited area referred to; *i. e.*, furnish a cheap and yet exceedingly serviceable and absolutely clean medium for all domestic purposes of heating, cooking or lighting. The saving involved over all previous known methods of gas manufacturing is as great financially as the product itself is of the highest economic value. That such a discovery proved a great financial success, is readily understood, but the fortune thus honorably attained, is a bagatelle in comparison with the immense service rendered mankind. Annually this

Residence of Prof. T. S. C. Lowe.

represents millions in savings, to say nothing of the domestic emancipation from the drudgery involved in ceaseless handling of dirt-producing material, intended to be converted into fuel and heat. This process, of which we can only touch the barest outlines in its economical and sanitary bearings, is one of the most important discoveries of the century. To make history in the department of untried and difficult paths of investigation, appears to be his fort, and he leaves to others the task of recording the same if so inclined. But its far-reaching importance from an economical or financial standpoint, can best be gauged by the simple statement, that nearly one-half of the entire incorporated communities of the United States utilize his water gas process at present.

These exceedingly practical and valuable services, rendered in behalf of the most expensive department of the home (that of fuel and light) in the temperate zone of the North American continent, is matched by one of equal and epoch making importance in behalf of the tropics of the world at large.

Some years ago an ambitious captain loaded his vessel with solid iceblocks from a glacier in Norway, and set sail for Calcutta, India. Remarkable to relate, he arrived with his cargo intact. He then proceeded to advertise his wares and its value, by mounting one of the largest blocks, which had been placed on a huge wagon, and seating himself on the top of it, he rode up the main street of that heated city in midday, in order to show the solidity of Norwegian ice. Needless to say, he disposed of his cargo at good rates. Delighted with his success, he returned another season, only to find to his disgust that a huge artificial ice factory was supplying the city at far better terms than he could offer for his long distant product. This now inestimable discovery is practically applied all over the tropical and semi-tropical regions of the globe. Professor Lowe is entitled to the distinction of being the earliest scientist to realize that the production of artificial ice, was a practical possibility; and the method demanded for its solution, was undoubtedly suggested to him in his journeys in the upper altitudes, witnessing, as it were, the hitherto secret methods in nature's laboratory, through which the dewdrop and the rain of earth, become the hail and snow in the higher atmospheric stratas.

That the Franklin Institute should take further cognizance of this remarkable series of discoveries by the scientist, whose worth it had been first to recognize, was but natural. In the latter eighties, it conferred on him the "Grand Medal of Honor," for inventions held most useful to mankind. This supplemented previous medals given for specific improvements in water gas, incandescent light, gas exhibits, etc. After thirty-five years of such services to science and humanity, the great majority of men would have considered themselves entitled to something akin to interrupted leisure, not so however in this case.

It was Edward Atkinson, it is believed, who said once: "Give me a country with pure running brooks and sweet grass, and I will prove it a good place to raise men in." New England answers this description most faithfully, and most assuredly it has proven Mr. Atkinson's assertion about it being a good place to "raise men."

It is indeed an open question, whether or not any corresponding area of the world has produced an equal group of distinct and forcible individualities. Their characteristics were all nurtured and sprung out of the fresh environments of a virgin region and new social conditions germane thereto. But their apparent circumscribed boundary proved exactly the "purchase" from which to wield an archemedian lever; the most effectual our modern era as yet acknowledged.

The well-manned and masterly con-

structed Yankee clippers, that left the New England ports in that era for every harbor on the globe, were a fitting material symbol of the fresh, vigorous ideas, inventions and experiments ceaselessly being launched in the land from which they sailed on their errands of commercial intercourse. To be born in such an atmosphere is to be well born indeed; and to grow up amidst such surroundings is to draw strength with every breath.

This was the very good fortune that surrounded Professor Lowe's childhood. Born in the shadow of the White Mountains, just sixty years ago the present month, at the town of Jefferson, New Hampshire, he was perhaps in part the unconscious heir to all the advantages briefly outlined. To be sure, there were some apparent drawbacks, such, for instance, as having to walk a hundred miles, more or less, with the object of securing better educational facilities. But stages were uncertain in those days; besides, money could be put to better use than riding around the country. So he walked.

Five years ago, Professor Lowe came to California. Like so many other discriminating travelers, he found in Southern California and in Pasadena all he sought: Change of scenes, occupation and a climate conducive to health and longevity. He "meant to rest," of course, forgetting that in such a climate, the sick only "can rest." The scientist improved his prospective leisure by organizing and assuming the presidency of one of the leading banks of Los Angeles, "The Citizens' Bank," by constructing a palatial home in that ideal "City of Homes," Pasadena, the largest and probably the finest home on the Pacific Coast, and finally, that not being sufficient to keep him regularly occupied, he also organized and became president of the Mt. Wilson Railway Company, building a railway up the precipitous slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where a location is already mapped out for what is expected to become one of the greatest observatories known—a region of delight and pleasure for the tourists of the world. Prof. Lowe is also a Yosemite Valley Commissioner and chairman of an important committee.

With all these tasks accomplished and before him, Professor T. S. C. Lowe, scientist and man of affairs, is probably the most approachable and the youngest man for his years in California. Such a career reflects as much honor on his native hills as it benefits our state to secure such a citizen, capable of adorning any station, yet asking none. Of such material have been all the true builders of American commonwealths.

BAPTISTS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. FRANK DIXON.

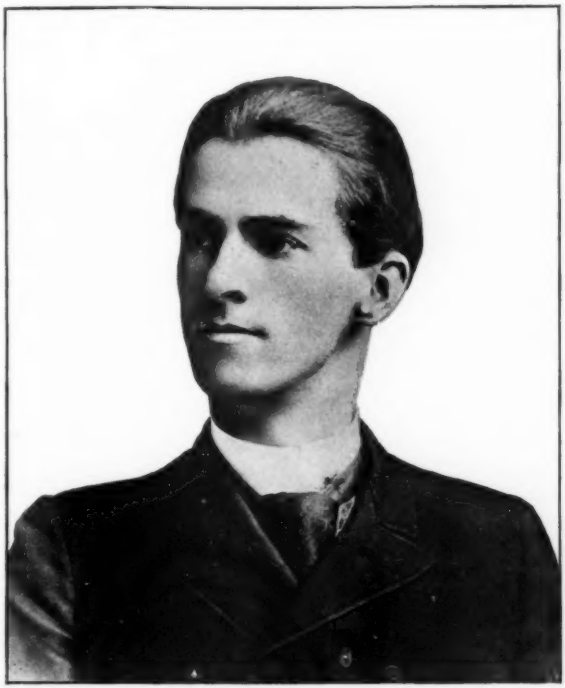
REV. O. C. Wheeler was the pioneer Baptist missionary to California. He arrived in San Francisco February 28th, 1849, on board the *California*, the first steamer that ever passed the Golden Gate, having sailed from New York on December 1st on board the *Falcon*. As the *California* entered the harbor of San Francisco she was saluted by the *Pacific Squadron*, under the command of Commodore Jones. Five men-of-war thundered their welcome, the flag-ship *Ohio* being last. As her first gun was fired she "manned her yards, fifteen hundred men springing into the rigging." The hearts of the missionaries and voyagers leaped to their throats, and no man felt ashamed as he looked through his own tears into the moist eyes of his fellows.

On the 6th of July the First Baptist Church was organized with six members—Rev. O. C. Wheeler and wife of the First Church, Jersey City; Mr. C. L. Ross and wife of the Laight-Street Church, New York; Lemuel P. Crane, Galway, New York, and William Lailie of Columbia, S. C. By August 2d the first Protestant meeting house in San Francisco was completed by this organization. It stood on the north side of Washington near Stockton. This church was not of the regular ecclesiastical style of architecture, as the First Presbyterian Church, built afterwards, seems to have been, but it was, nevertheless, erected as a church, especially for Christian worship. The first accessions to this little flock were received September 2d of the same year, 1849. They were: Rev. John Cook and wife, and Mr. John F. Pope and wife. Mr. Pope still lives, an honored member. The baptism of Col. Thomas H. Kellam, of Accomac county, Virginia, the first to unite with any Baptist Church of the State by this ordinance, occurred at North Beach, San Francisco, on Sunday morning, October 21st, 1849. The scene was characteristically described by Dr. Wheeler in a paper read before the "California Baptist Historical Society," at its session in Sacramento, 1889, a year or two previous to his death.

"On the following Sabbath morning, it was the 21st of October, 1849, one of those lovely mornings that characterize San Francisco climate in autumn—clear, still, warm and cheerful to the fullest extent—we assembled at our humble sanctuary, on the north side of Washington street, one door east of Stockton. We had such a congregation as perhaps never assembled at any other time or place. The other churches in the city suspended their morning service. Their pastors, with their officers, and the body of their congregations, were present and joined in the procession. The Mayor and other municipal officers, and several of the officers of the State, and officials of the general government, resident on the coast or here temporarily on business, also Commodore Jones, commanding the Pacific squadron, U. S. N., and his staff, together with a large number of marines, all in full uniform, the chiefs of the medical staff of the Pacific division of both the army and navy, with their assistants, swelled our numbers and officially gave endorsement to our proceedings. We also had with us Dr. Judd, Prime Minister of the Hawaiian kingdom, then on his way as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the United States, England and France, having with him the heir-apparent and his cousin, who, under Dr. Judd, were

receiving their royal education, and each of whom afterward became king, preceding the present ruler of the nation. We had also with us large numbers of visitors from nearly every civilized nation on earth, who had been drawn here by the gold excitement, and hundreds of the citizens of San Francisco.

"We formed with due deference to the rank and standing of our guests, and marched down Stockton street to Union, to Powell, to North Beach, where the water was shallow with sandy bottom. There was no wind that morning, and the water was clear and calm as a pond in the country. The whole train, from the church to the beach (about three-quarters of a mile), marched with all the decorum and precision you would expect to see in a platoon of the regular army or navy on dress parade. At the water each department of the long procession took its assigned position in silence, and gave to all the exercises the most undivided attention. Rev. S. H. Willey, of the Presbyterian mission at Monterey, who had been a fellow-passenger with me from New York to that place, was on my left, and, at my request, read portions of Scripture and announced the hymn. Rev. Mr. Hunt, of the Congregational Church, was on my right and offered the baptismal prayer. On his right were Commodore Jones and staff, while all around us was the official and unofficial multitude of spectators, every one of whom seemed to be as fully interested as if a personal participant in the exercises.



Rev. Frank Dixon, Pastor of the Tenth-Avenue Baptist Church, Oakland.

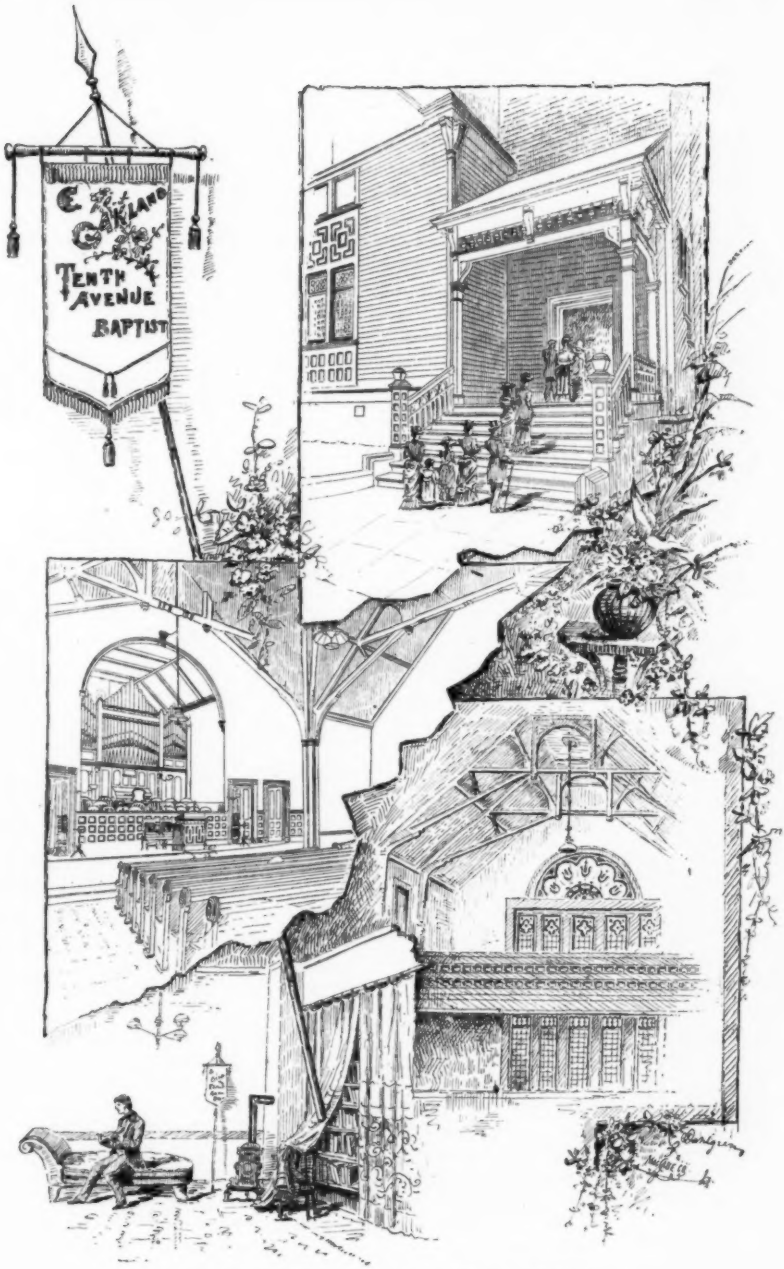
"When all was ready, the candidate took my hand, and we walked about one hundred yards before reaching a depth of water sufficient for the ordinance. While we were thus going 'down into the water,' according to previous arrangement, the hymn was announced and the first two stanzas sung by the whole concourse; the last two as we were 'coming up out of the water.' And such singing I never elsewhere heard. It seemed as though every professional and every layman, every soldier and every marine, every officer and every subordinate, every citizen and every foreigner of that vast throng was suddenly and specially inspired by the holy grandeur and the spiritual significance of the divine ordinance which we were administering, to sing for that once, if never again this side of heaven, with the fullness of both his spirit and his voice.

The hymn was that written by Dr. Adoniram Judson, to be sung at the first baptism in the Burman Empire, at the beautiful pond on the bank of the Irrawaddi, at Rangoon, June 27th, 1819:

Tenth-Avenue Baptist Church of Oakland.

Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine.

"As we reached the shore, Commodore Jones came forward, and, giving me his warm, earnest hand, expressed his extreme delight and gratitude for the privilege of attending that most solemn and interesting service of our



Sketches of the Tenth-Avenue Baptist Church of Oakland.

denomination. We then re-formed and returned, in the most perfect order, to our sanctuary, where the assembly was dismissed."

Rev. O. C. Wheeler, D. D., LL.D
Pioneer Baptist Missionary of California, and Pastor of the First Protestant Church Erected in this State.

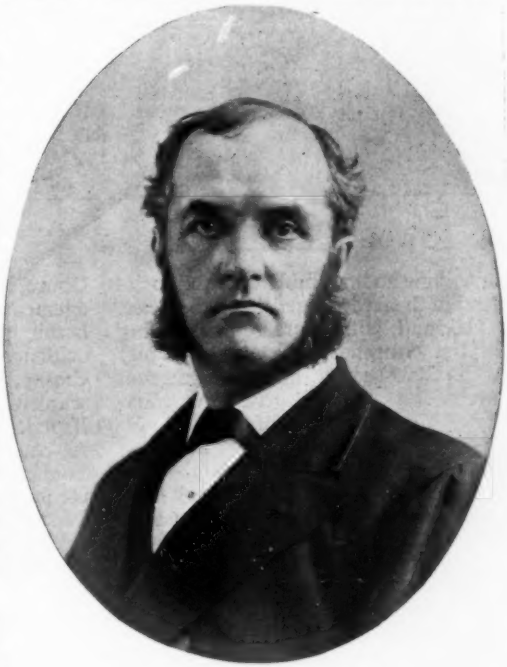
The number of baptisms in the State has increased from one in 1849 to eight hundred and twenty-two in 1891; the number of churches, from one in 1849 to one hundred and seventy-eight in 1891; the value of church property, from sixteen thousand dollars, the cost of the structure erected in twenty-five days in 1849, to eight hundred and fifteen thousand four hundred and seventy dollars in 1891. Probably the most striking progress has been made in Southern California. In 1867, Dr. Wheeler reported the organization of one hundred churches since his arrival in San Francisco, fifty-five of which had become extinct. The remaining forty-five, with a membership of two thousand, were all situated in Northern and Central California. A vast territory of one hundred and twenty-six thousand square miles, including San Diego, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Tulare, Mono, El Dorado, Sierra, Plumas, Shasta, Siskiyou, Butte, Monterey, Napa, Nevada, Placer, San Mateo and Sutter counties, with a population of one hundred and ten thousand souls, had not a single Baptist minister in active service. Now the Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Tulare associations have sixty-seven churches and a membership of four thousand six hundred and seventy-two, out of a State membership of eleven thousand three hundred and sixty-six. The leading towns and cities of Southern California are occupied by Baptist churches, which are led by an able ministry. Men like Drs. D. Read and W. H. Pendleton, of Los Angeles, and A. J. Frost, of San Bernardino, C. Winbigler, of Riverside, C. E. Harris, of Pasadena, E. R. Bennett, of Pomona, Rev. H. G. De Witt, D. D., of Fresno, and W. W. Tinker, state missionary for Southern California, have greatly enlarged the sphere of Baptist activity and influence in that section of the State. Alhambra, Azusa, Downey, Monrovia, National City, Palms, San Diego, Santa Ana, all have been touched with the influence of Baptist denominational life.

Of the forty-five church organizations in Central and Northern California in 1867, twenty-three were served by twenty-one pastors; the remaining twenty-two were pastorless. Dr. Wheeler had little difficulty in organizing churches, but great difficulty in securing pastors to serve them. During the first six months of his labor in San Francisco, he hailed more than forty men who had served in the Baptist ministry, as they hurried towards the mines, mad with the

thirst for the treasure that perishes. It was probably fortunate for the cause that these men kept right on to the mines. After waiting a year and a half for re-enforcements which had been promised him monthly by the Missionary Society in the East, but which had not come, for the simple reason that the society could not induce such men as it desired to undertake this pioneer work, Dr. Wheeler was at last cheered by the arrival of Rev. L. O. Grenell and wife, and Rev. F. E. Preveaux and wife. Mr. Grenell took charge of the church in San Jose and Mr. Preveaux soon opened a work on Pine street, San Francisco, which, however, was speedily abandoned. Rev. J. W. Capen arrived from the East in 1850, and assumed the pastorate of the First Church, Sacramento, which had been organized in the same year.

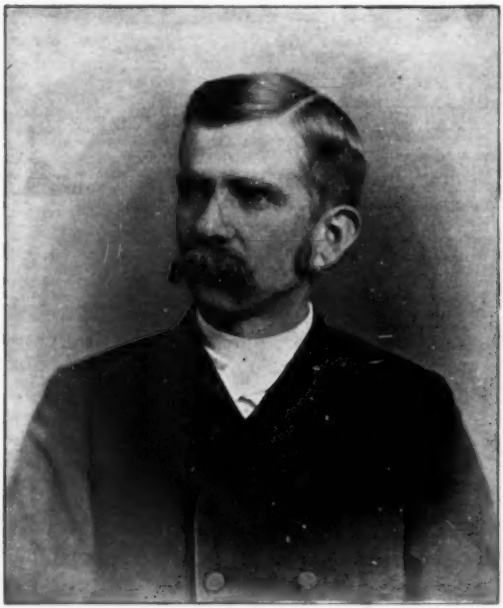
From the church of six members established in San Francisco in 1849, the denominational development has reached more than one hundred churches in Central and Northern California, besides those already mentioned as being in the South. These are at present in the hands of a ministry generally recognized as being the most competent body of men, as a whole, that have yet served the Baptist churches of this part of the State. Certainly the record of the past five years, from '86 to '91, is gratifying. In this time the denomination has increased eighty-eight per cent. The development of the State socially and politically has doubtless been favorable to this growth.

The towns and cities surrounding San Francisco, north, east and south, are manned by a force of pastors who have displayed great energy and ability in holding ground already gained, and in enlarging the boundaries of denominational usefulness. Rev. J. Herndon Garnett, formerly editor of the *Leader*, the Baptist paper of the State, now pastor of the Tabernacle of San Jose, is a young man of more than ordinary pulpit power, sufficiently liberal in orthodoxy to impress the public that he is not seeking the living among the dead, yet "after the most straitest sect of his religion," he lives a Baptist. No man is heard more gladly in the general meetings of the denomination, and few pastors in California preach to larger congregations. Rev. W. C. Spencer, of Alameda; Rev. E. T. Whittemore, of Berkeley; Rev. S. S. Fisk, of Santa Rosa; and his son, recently ordained, Rev. Henry A. Fisk, of San Pablo; Rev. W. T. Fleenor, of Ukiah; Rev. J. B. Saxton, of Vaca-



Rev. G. S. Abbott, D. D.
Sunday-School Missionary under the American Baptist Publication Society.

ville; Rev. S. B. Randall, of Los Gatos; Rev. A. M. Russell, of Willows; Rev. Ray Palmer, of Stockton, Rev. W. T. Jordan, of Dixon—these have done an honorable work, many of them in the face of appalling difficulties.



Rev. J. Herndon Garnett.
Pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle, San Jose.

Oakland, with more self-sustaining Baptist churches than any other city in the State, has, as might be inferred, carried on an aggressive evangelization. The pastorate of Rev. C. H. Hobart in the First Church has been prosperous. The church has the largest membership of its history. Rev. Geo. B. Rieman, recently deceased, of the Twentieth street; Rev. I. D. Fleming, of the Twenty-third avenue, and Rev. J. Sjolander, of the Swedish Church, have rendered excellent service to the denomination in their several spheres. The Tenth-Avenue Church, corner of Tenth avenue and East Fourteenth street, Oakland, believes itself to be the most happily conditioned Baptist church in the State, as it is certainly the most attractive interiorly about the bay. Its pastor is Rev. Frank Dixon.

San Francisco deserves especial attention, both because of its destitution and because of the present hopeful condition of its religious life. There are six Baptist churches in the city, including the German, Rev. H. L. Dietz, pastor, the Swedish, and the Colored, of which Rev. Geo. E. Duncan is pastor. The First Church, which now stands on Eddy street, between Jones and Leavenworth, is under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. Q. A. Henry. With its complete organization and energetic spirit of evangelism, it moves rapidly towards a position of commanding influence in the city of San Francisco. The restless life of an aggressive pastor has been imparted to the church with most happy results. Mr. A. B. Forbes of this church is a splendid type of liberal Christian gentleman. Rev. A. W. Runyan of Hamilton Square Church contends with the discouragements of a difficult field with heroic persistency, and not without evidence of progress. Rev. Frank B. Cressy, of the Immanuel Church, is scarcely known in person yet to the Baptists of California, so recent is his settlement, but the influence of his coming has been wholesomely felt. He is ably supported by Deacon P. D. Code.

Very prominent among the leaders of the Baptist cause in California are Rev. G. S. Abbott, D. D., whose brave and gentle utterance of denominational conviction has won for him the warm respect of his fellow laborers, and Rev. W. H. Latourette, the former, State Sunday-School missionary, and representative of the Amer-

ican Baptist Publication Society, the latter, the State Secretary of the Home Missionary Society, under which Dr. Wheeler came to this coast. These two men have been closely identified with Baptist history in this State for a number of years, and present results in the missionary realm are largely monuments to their zeal.

WORK AMONG CHINESE.

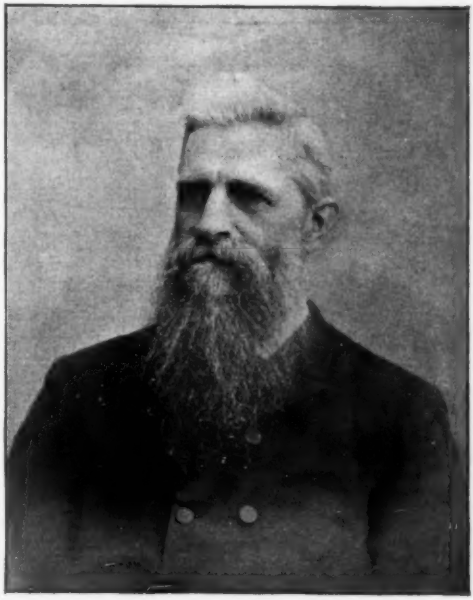
In 1854 Rev. J. Lewis Shuck came to San Francisco under appointment of the Southern Baptist Convention, and inaugurated mission work among the Chinese. Some progress was made, but the civil war came on, and, in 1861, Mr. Shuck withdrew to the South. This work was renewed under Dr. Graves in 1871, and continued until 1876, when again it came to an abrupt close. It was re-opened in 1879 by Rev. J. B. Hartwell, D. D., who, as superintendent of Chinese missions on this coast, has charge at the present time of thirteen missions in a territory extending from Port Townsend, Washington, to Los Angeles. There are fifty-four members of the church in San Francisco immediately under Dr. Hartwell's care, thirty-three of whom are resident. Sixty-five Chinese on an average assemble in the school-room of the Baptist Mission on the corner of Sacramento street and Waverly place, to receive instruction in the Scriptures, in the Chinese classics and in English.

Few, who are unacquainted with the Chinese in California and the American antipathy for them, can appreciate the warfare which Dr. Hartwell has waged against pagan iniquities and Christian indifference or hostility. He is made of martyr-stuff and is absolutely without fear, save of Almighty God's disapproval. The circumstances have needed just such a man for his peculiar mission in San Francisco, a man not likely to be driven from his work of preaching the gospel to the Chinese upon the streets of the city by howling hoodlums. Opposition upon the part of American Christians grows weaker daily, which fact is not the least gratifying result of his devotion. Two years before his arrival in San Francisco, Mrs. J. R. Bradway, of Oakland, began work among the Chinese of that city. A woman of singularly sweet character, beautiful in her consecration, she has taught a score and a half Chinese to love and serve the God in whom she trusts. In Fresno and Chico the Chinese have not been forgotten.

Seven converted Chinese have returned to China as Christian Missionaries from the territory under Dr. Hartwell's supervision.

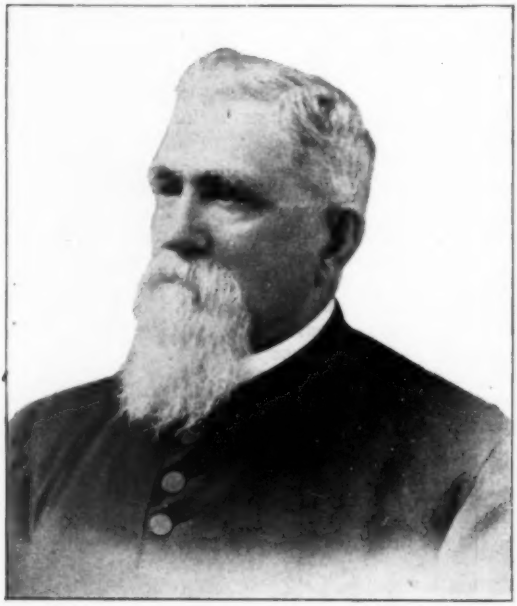
EDUCATIONAL.

The public school system of California had its beginnings in the First



Rev. J. B. Hartwell, D. D.
Superintendent of Chinese Missions.

Baptist Church of San Francisco. The first free public school in the State was opened there on December 26th, 1849, with three pupils in attend-



Hon. H. E. McCune of Dixon.

ance, by Mr. John Pelton and his wife. On March 25th, 1850, the Council of San Francisco passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That from the first day of April, 1850, John C. Pelton and Mrs. Pelton, his wife, be employed as teachers for the public school at the Baptist Church which has been offered to the Council free of charge, and that the average number of scholars shall not exceed one hundred; and that they shall be entitled to a monthly salary, during the pleasure of the Council, of five hundred dollars per month, payable each and every month."

None have greater cause for feeling proud of their historical connection with the system of public instruction of the State than Baptists.

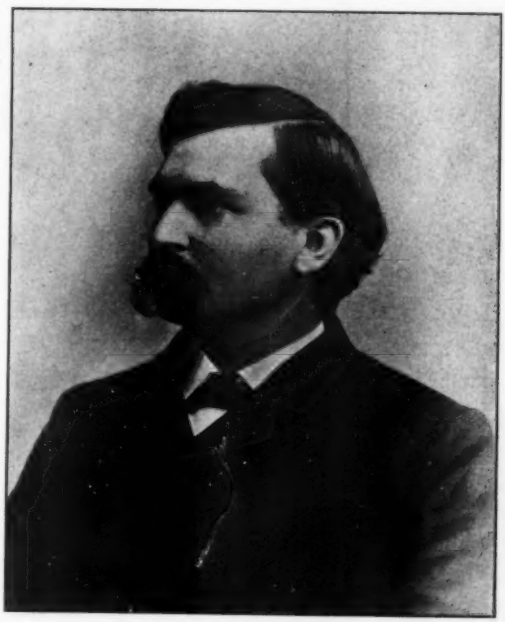
Within the past two years a summer resort has been acquired by the Baptists at Twin Lakes, near Santa Cruz. Thirty-five thousand dollars have been spent in improvement upon the grounds. A tabernacle has been built in which the State Convention meets annually and in which summer schools are held. Twin Lakes is destined to become speedily a center of educational life in the summer.

The Baptists of Southern California have a university at Los Angeles. The institution, however, which probably represents the best endeavors of the Baptists of the State in the educational field is California College, situated at Highland Park, Oakland. It was formerly located at Vacaville, at which place it languished hopelessly. In early days the staunchest friend this institution had was Deacon Isaac Lankershim, whose widow now lives in Los Angeles. He laid the foundation of a permanent endowment in a gift of two hundred acres of land near Vacaville, for which he had paid ten thousand dollars. The college received this property while Rev. A. S. Worrall was president. Another true friend of the cause has been Hon. H. E. McCune, of Dixon. When it was located in Oakland six years ago, Mrs. E. H. Gray, of Oakland, a noble Christian woman who has contributed thousands, indeed, tens of thousand, to missionary and educational enterprises, gave the site, valued at ten thousand dollars upon which three good buildings now stand. A farm of one hundred and sixty acres at Milton, the Stuart fund of ten thousand dollars, and a partial endowment of the President's chair, twenty-eight thousand, complete the assets of the institution. Rev. S. B. Morse, D. D., has been

president for the past five years. Possibly no other man in the Baptist ranks in the State could have maintained the work with equal success. For what he has done in the way of raising funds toward an endowment he merits the gratitude of the Baptists of California.

To the further liberality of Mrs. E. H. Gray, Baptists are indebted for about thirty-five thousand dollars, the nucleus of an endowment for a Theological Seminary.

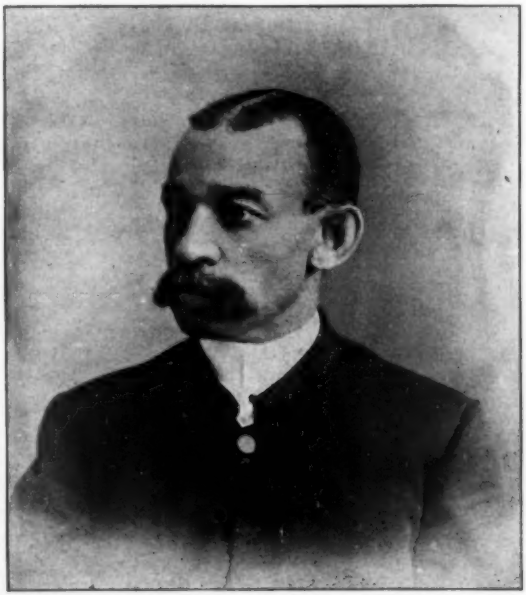
The friends of Christian education are surveying the field in California at the present time with much anxiety, lest steps be taken in the wrong direction, and the situation, educationally, become hopelessly involved. The crisis in religious education—that such is at hand is patent—opens no difficulties to such minds as have a serene faith in the adaptation of methods which have been partially successful in Eastern States to the conditions which prevail in California. But one need not be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to see quite clearly that there is no room in California for colleges. The University at Berkeley and the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto more than occupy the ground. Both have splendid financial support, and, in order to justify the heavy expenditures of their establishment and maintenance they will be driven to search for students through every village and county on this coast. They have able faculties; they charge no tuition; they have reduced expenses to a nominal figure. Henceforth ignorance on this Western coast will have no shadow of justification. To compete in collegiate work with these institutions would require a permanent endowment of three million dollars. Such an endowment cannot be raised by any religious body on this coast. If it could, to establish another high-grade institution would be a reckless waste of money. What is to be done by those who desire to place their sons and daughters under religious influence at school? No rational thing can be done, save this: Establish and endow liberally first-class academies. These are in demand. The religious influence of an academy is worth as much as that of a college. To build any other educational institution than an academy on this coast for the next fifty years would be madness. The truest friends of education among Baptists will not fail to see the wisdom of this policy. The responsibility of a father to his son forbids that he should sacrifice his education by placing him in a third-rate religious school out of a mistaken loyalty to sect. His first duty in this matter is to his son. The advantages of the State University and the Stanford



Rev. C. Winbigler, Pastor at Riverside.

University are overwhelmingly superior to any that can be offered by any denominational college in California. Yet the academic field, equally important, and in the judgment of many wise men, more important, religiously, is comparatively undeveloped. A magnificent opportunity presents itself to Baptists, and they will surely seize it.

In the sphere of theological instruction the actual condition of things dictates a policy different from that of the excellent work done by the seminaries of the East, there are enough incompetent men in the ministry. Christians cannot afford to impose upon the patience of their God. The best course to be pursued by Baptists, under the circumstances—possibly it would be best, even if their capital were unlimited—is to endow a theological chair in the State University, and send their young men there. The trustees of the University

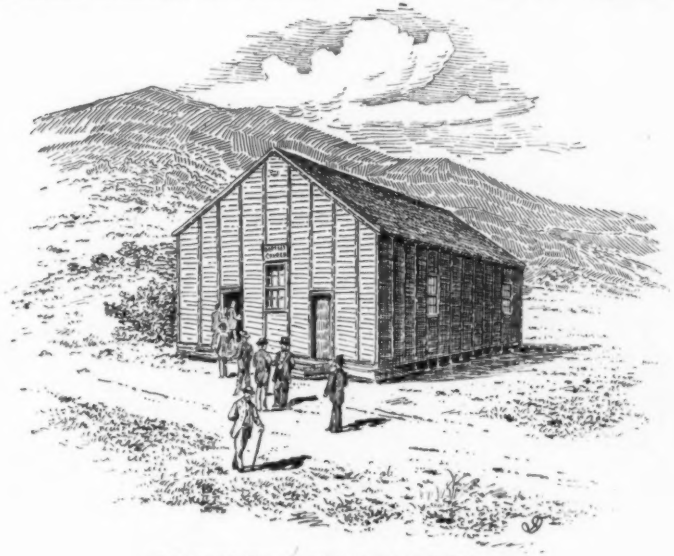


Rev. Geo. E. Duncan,
Pastor of the Third Baptist Church (Colored), San Francisco.

pursued by some denominations in the State, and in danger of being pursued by Baptists. They have a fund of thirty-five thousand dollars, generously donated by Mrs. Gray, with which to begin, but it would require at least one million dollars to found a seminary whose advantages would be great enough to justify a young man desiring to enter the ministry in not going East. Education is too serious a thing to be trifled with. In spite would probably consent to such an arrangement. A stronger element of Christian influence would thus be introduced into the life of the University, and theological students would be brought into contact with men whom they are to meet, and with whom they are to deal in practical life. Such an acquaintanceship would be incalculably beneficial to the clergy of any denomination. The Christian denominations of the State, by such a

policy, would free themselves from the reproach—strangely and unjustly flung by them at the University, however—of having tried to make the instruction "godless" by their ungenerous opposition to the institution.

If it be deemed wise by Baptists to carry their educational work beyond the academic stage, permission could easily be obtained, no doubt, from the authorities of the State University, to build a Baptist dormitory in Berkeley to be placed under the religious supervision of an endowed Baptist professorship. It would be possible for Baptists thus to avail themselves of the advantages of a great institution with a comparatively small outlay of money. If every Christian denomination of the State should thus identify its interests with those of the State, who can doubt but that the result would be to give pre-eminence to our State University, in which every true Californian feels a patriotic pride, and to develop a university life which would have all the intellectual freedom of secular surroundings, with the wholesome restraint of Christian conviction? It is quite probable that Stanford University, notwithstanding the fact that its royal endowment insures it a position of unlimited influence from the very first, would welcome a similar affiliation with the religious organizations of the State.



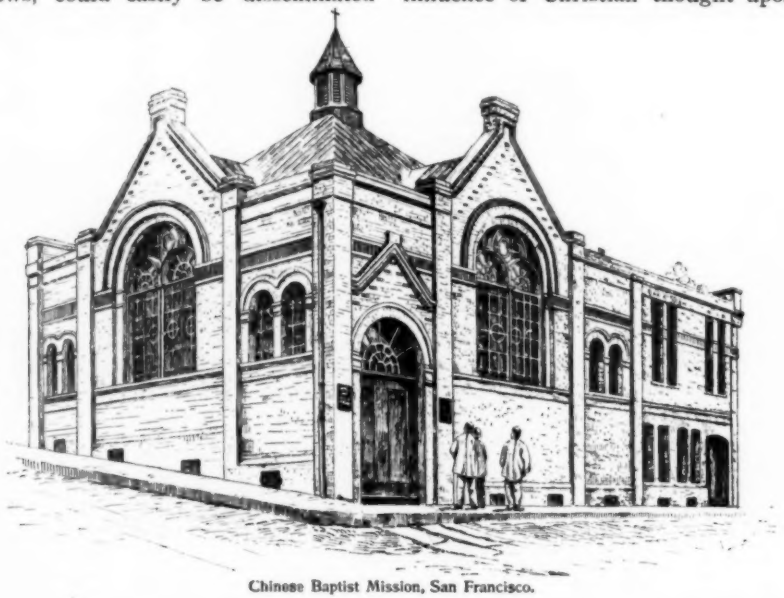
First Baptist Church of San Francisco Built in 1849.

THE BAPTIST STATE PAPER.

From the time when Rev. O. C. Wheeler edited *The Baptist Banner*, the first paper published by the denomination west of the Rockies, it has been found exceedingly difficult to maintain a paper. That early effort cost Mr. Wheeler three thousand dollars over and above all receipts. Probably the best paper yet published is that now in the field—*The Leader*, of San Francisco. This paper, known at the time as the *Herald of Truth*, passed into the hands of Mr. Garnett in the year 1889, and its continued existence is largely due to the readiness of himself and Rev. C. H. Hobart to invest thought and money in an enterprise from which there have been

no returns, save an increased interest in the life of the denomination throughout the State.

The problem of religious journalism in California is yet much involved in the minds of Christian people. Nothing need prevent Baptists from solving it. With the present mail facilities, there is little demand for more than one or two strong Baptist denominational papers in the United States. Local church news, State news, could easily be disseminated through the daily and weekly press. No worthy effort has as yet been made by the Christian Church to avail itself of the secular press for developing its interests. In this day there is scarcely a family that does not take a daily paper—none that would confess itself too ignorant to take at least a weekly. How small is the space devoted in these papers to religious news, in which at least one-fifth the population is presumably interested! Scandalous phases of religious life are noticed faithfully enough, but religion itself is practically ignored. The time is ripe for such method as is being now studied by a few Baptists of this State. An effort is soon to be made to induce the denomination to arrange with one of the leading dailies of the State for the editing, religiously, of half a column or a column, in each issue by an editor selected for that purpose. At least the weekly issue of such a paper would go into every Baptist home in the State, and the influence of Christian thought upon the minds of thousands who never glance at an exclusively religious paper would be vastly augmented.

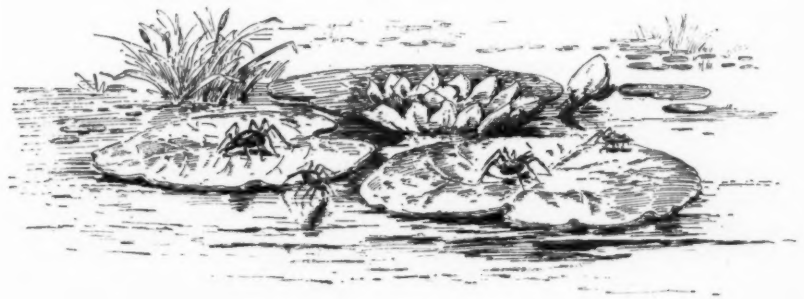


Chinese Baptist Mission, San Francisco.

THE FUTURE.

The experience of Baptists in the past has been much like that of other Christian denominations in California, possibly a little more restless. This is easily understood, when it is remembered that their polity is Democratic. Wherever Democracy fails, their polity is affected unfavorably. In the early days, government

in California was chaotic, hence Baptist life was more or less turbulent. Since, however, the political institutions of the State have begun to crystallize into the forms of a purer Democracy, Baptist life has grown more placid, and the progress of the denomination has been correspondingly rapid. The lessons of the past have been learned with much pain and discouragement, but they will never be forgotten. The March winds of trial have shaken the denominational tree with great violence, and tugged at its roots with gigantic force, but it stands. Spring has fully come; the sap rises freely, and luxuriant branches stretch their shady welcome to the soul exhausted by the heat of early struggle. And now, many wonder how the turmoil of the past was possible. It would not have been, had the Baptist polity been faithfully enforced; had the Democratic right of each church to govern itself been respected at all times; had councils upon matters of discipline, which have often and sadly distracted the churches, been avoided, and had ministerial unions, which are in no sense a part of the organic life of the denomination, scrupulously refused to concern themselves with any matter beyond their jurisdiction. But these are unhappy features of a past from which there has been a triumphant escape. The future is secure, and Baptists look towards it eagerly. Their simple ecclesiastical machinery makes it possible for them to adjust themselves to the new civilization so rapidly developing on this coast, and control, in some measure, its inner life. The energy of progressive men is breaking traditional fetters, and gaining fullest freedom for Christian activity. Young men of broad culture, among whom Rev. H. B. Hutchins, pastor of the Immanuel Church, of Sacramento, is worthy of mention, are concerning themselves with the educational life of Baptists, and their influence will be felt in future policies. Some have laid firm hold upon social and industrial problems, and are determined to bring the church into contact with the masses. Preachers of persuasive power strive to convince the people of California that that nation is blessed whose God is the Lord. The hour is full of hope for Baptists, and they hasten towards the future with eager hearts, to possess it—not in the name of sectarianism, but in the name of Him who respecteth no person, but accepteth every man that feareth God and worketh righteousness.



PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

EVERY century of the Christian era has had its reformer. Savonarola, Peztollozi and Luther, each in his own sphere, have left the imprint of their master minds upon the human family. The nineteenth century has been replete with social, political and religious renovators, many of whose theories, while indisputably good and rational, are far in advance of the times, and therefore impractical. But such is not true of the social reformer of Dwight; for since the days of Charlemagne, drunkenness has been the curse of nearly every land. Temperance advocates have been striving to check its advance, yet it has been progressive. It has moved steadily onward, filling the jails, almshouses and asylums.

It is evident, then, that the crusade of temperance, so far as practical results are concerned, has been an ineffectual one. This conclusion was the lever of thought that brought about the great discovery at Dwight.

"Why not eradicate the root of the evil—the desire for strong drink," thought the physician; then, by assiduous study and work, he evolved certain pathological facts, from which it was evident that drunkenness was not an evil to be shaken off at will, but a firm-seated disease, needing medicinal treatment as much as pneumonia, typhoid or any other malignant disease. Now came the diligent study for the remedy that was to revolutionize the world. Sleepless nights and thoughtful days were spent in pursuit of it, until at last, by research and endless experiment, the reward came. The remedy, which was to neutralize the alcoholic poison and cure the diseased nerve centers, became known as the double chloride of gold, or chloride of gold and sodium. By its action, the nerve center and brain tissues are freed from the foreign matter that has collected there, which is eliminated through the natural channels of discharge. Then ensues the work of regeneration, or building up of new nerve tissue, which, when complete, destroys the longing for drink by removing the cause, and the patient awakens to find himself snatched from a drunkard's grave, no longer a parody upon the handiwork of God—a man in all the term implies.

What must be the feelings of this reclaimed one toward the man who made his cure possible? He was no more able to resist the demand for strong drink than a well person to resist the cravings of hunger! No longer does he think of drink; his brain has become clear, his eye bright, and his cheek glows with perfect health, as with a light step, he turns homeward from the sanitarium, a new being, his entire system renovated. His mind has assumed the absorptivity of his early youth, its retentive power amazing him. The blue sky, the flowers and the birds all awaken the same innate joy that he felt in his boyhood days, and with a parting "God bless you" to his benefactors, he re-enters the battle of life, proud to bear on his breast the badge of restoration to manhood, the Keeley button, and points with pride to it, advising his friends who had imbibed with him to investigate the cure. He becomes, in fact, a most zealous missionary in this new temperance cause.

Now the question arises, "Can every drunkard be cured?" By close personal investigation I find the answer to be in the affirmative with the proviso, "If he prefers sobriety to drunkenness." There are a few

drunkards who drink from sheer viciousness as much as from disease; but a man who volunteers the information that he would rather be drunk than sober is morally, as well as physically diseased, and is beyond redemption. But the vast army of drinkers indulge in the wine-cup simply because they cannot help it after the habit has become once established.

Since the great discovery at Dwight, Illinois, there have been sixty institutes established in the United States for the reclamation of the drunkard, but there is now established at Los Gatos, in Santa Clara County, a branch institution under the management of Dr. G. E. Sussdorff, an eminent physician of the east, and Mr. O. N. Ramsey, a man of wide culture and extensive travel, coupled with a thorough knowledge of human nature. A location better adapted to the work could scarcely have been selected. Sixty miles from San Francisco, and ten from San Jose, it is most delightfully situated in the foot-hills of the Santa Cruz mountains, whose chaparral-clad

A Los Gatos Trout Stream.

and not only of him, but of his more unfortunate brethren—the morphine and opium users. Of these sixty institutions, Dr. Keeley himself keeps vigilant supervision, forwarding the double chloride of gold directly from his laboratory at Dwight. Each of the institutes, as he chooses to call them, is under the direct guidance of an able physician and a manager chosen with great care for his adaptibility to the work in hand.

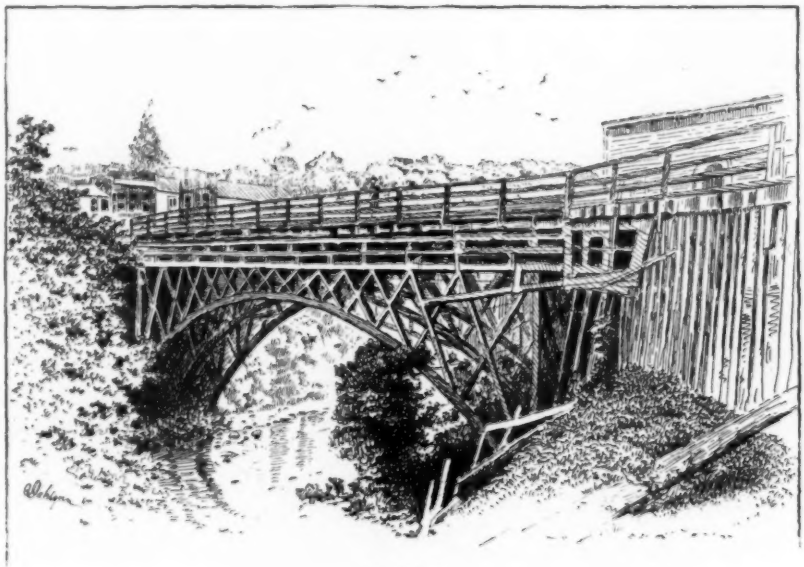
Until recently, California had not received attention from the reformers, sides protect the valley from winds and fogs, making it a natural sanitarium. Under California skies, with gently blowing winds that breathe of neighboring orange groves, gardens teeming with roses and eglantine, a gently purling stream reflecting through the cottonwoods the clear blue dome overhead, a fitting place indeed for the regeneration of man.

A day spent at this great sanitarium is particularly interesting, noting the different types of humanity that come here seeking relief, and the peculiar

circumstances that brought them to need it. The most interesting cases, perhaps, are those treating for the morphine habit. The treatment for both is practically the same, except as to duration of time. When the patient applies for treatment, he is received by the manager, and examined thoroughly by the physician. If found to be without organic disease, he is accepted, and a cure assured in from three to five weeks; that is, they will guarantee to *remove all desire or need* for either liquor or the alluring drug, but cannot promise to create a new will, as that is a production of superhuman power. A patient may go forth entirely cured, but, on disaster overtaking him, may deliberately seek to drown his discomfiture or sorrow in the wine-cup; he is beginning the habit afresh that will again bring him down. But of the sixty thousand "graduates," less than five per cent have fallen back into the old habits from which they had been released.

On questioning Dr. Sussdorff, as to whether the cure would result seriously to sufferers from an organic disease, he replied, that of itself it would not; but that the reason for rejecting applicants with organic heart or lung trouble was, that, stimulants being an actual necessity to the prolongation of life, it would be wrong to withdraw from them their stimulant support, and thereby shorten their already allotted days. Again, it furnishes material for unwarranted attacks.

To illustrate the utter harmlessness of the preparation and the absence of atropia or strychnine, the doctor related an incident of a gentleman who went to Los Gatos several months ago. He came, accompanied by an attendant, to whom was intrusted an eight-ounce bottle of the preparation, and a four-ounce flask of whisky, with instructions to administer the medicine every two hours, but the whisky, of course, as sparingly as exigencies would permit; but, as the night grew apace, sleep overcame the attendant, and the patient, finding himself un-



The Bridge.

watched, lost no time in securing and emptying the flask. Being then in hilarious mood, the second bottle containing the preparation caught his eye, and that, too, disappeared.

A bit of Los Gatos.

When the attendant at last awakened, he was horror-stricken to find his patient senseless, but it was due to liquor, and in a few hours the victim had recovered from it and felt no bad effects from the extraordinary internal dose of the famous cure.

The patients are drawn from all walks of life—the professional man, the capitalist and the business man standing side by side with the social outcast, each ready with bared arm to receive the injection of the fluid. But whatever be the social status of the patients, when they gather at the institute for treatment, they meet on a common ground, each with a common cause, and, like Damon and Pythias of old, with common sympathies. Recently an organization known as "The Keeley Club" was effected in San Francisco, composed only of the Keeley "graduates," the officers of which are some of the prominent business men of this city and of San José. The objects of the club are numerous, but the most laudable one is its determination to help the unfortunate fellow who desires to take the treatment but has not the wherewith for expense. Any victim of either morphia or liquor, really desiring to be cured, applies to the secretary of the club, and states his case; then, being satisfied that the applicant means to reform, he is furnished with sufficient funds to carry him through the entire course of treatment; he gives as security, a note, in which he agrees to repay in monthly or weekly installments the money then advanced, on being restored to his former condition and on obtaining employment. Long may the club live! With such noble aspirations, it deserves the commendation of everyone.

The morphine habit requires more patient treatment than does dipsomania, five weeks sometimes being allotted for an entire cure—regeneration being somewhat slower. But in a week, the eye begins to lose its glazed appearance, the pasty skin assumes its normal condition, and the nerves begin to relax and grow stronger. During my first visit to Los Gatos, I met a gentleman from Southern California, of high character and attainments, accompanied by his

wife. She informed me that some two years since her husband sustained serious injuries in a railway accident—his left foot being crushed almost to a pulp. Sternly refusing to submit to amputation, he submitted to a course of treatment that was one prolonged agony. Morphine was prescribed to allay his sufferings, and then ensued the old, old story. When the cause for resorting to the drug no longer existed, the poor fellow awoke to find himself held firm and fast in its relentless toils; with horror he was forced to acknowledge his complete subjugation to the remorseless tyrant. Terror-stricken at the awful truth, yet absolutely powerless to escape, he heard of the discovery of the great reformer, and came to Los Gatos, half-incredulous, to try it. In his own words: "It can but kill, and God knows death would be merciful, held as I am a prisoner." It was during his second week that I met him, and a more self-satisfied or a more grateful man would be hard to find; the chains that held him so long a captive were forced asunder; indeed, he had completely triumphed over the remorseless tyrant, and telling of his emancipation, his eyes grew dim with gratitude, blessing a thousand times the great man who had made his reclamation possible. Turning to Mr. Ramsey and Dr. Sussdorff, he asked sadly: "Can mere dollars repay these good men? My gratitude to them is immeasurable."

Dr. Keeley, like all reformers, has been subject to unjust criticism. The medical fraternity claim that professional ethics demand that he make known his formula. Granted that he did so, what assurance has he that some indifferent or ignorant practitioner would not commit error in compounding or administering it? One can readily see the result of such an act; the cure itself, and not the blundering physician would be condemned. Hence I hold he has a right to bide his time till the world shall see abundant proofs of his wonderful cure, and shall ring from pole to pole of its potency. Then can he safely say to the world: "Here is the Elixir of Life. Take it and let drunkenness, the curse of all lands and ages, disappear in the darkness of the past."

Since the establishment of the first sanitarium at Dwight, sixty thousand have been cured. Each of these consumed with ease five hundred dollars' worth of liquor or morphine annually, hence, there is thirty million dollars already diverted into other channels than those of degradation. If the "graduates" increase proportionately in the next ten years as they have since the establishment of the institute, which is more than probable, six hundred thousand grateful fellowmen will have been reclaimed to fulfill properly the life duties allotted them; and three hundred million dollars will have been diverted from pernicious uses to education, commerce, manufactures and other legitimate sources. Who, then, can deny that the savant of Dwight has at last solved the question of temperance in a practical manner?

Already the United States government has taken some cognizance of the value of his discovery by introducing the treatment into the "Home for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers." Now follows in the mind the possibilities of its introduction into other public institutions. Go, some day, to the Police Court, and note the number of blear-eyed, disheveled, unkempt and ragged creatures crouched in the dock, awaiting sentence for "drunk." Most of these, you will learn, bob up serenely every few days or weeks, sometimes with some other petty charge added for variety. They will be "sent below" for twenty-four hours, then liberated, to return again in a short time. Sometimes three months' incarceration is given them, but again they come with unceasing regularity.

How much wiser policy it would be to deal with these poor wretches,

once for all, when sentencing them, and send them where they could receive treatment, enabling them to reform and become self-supporting. It is safe to say that at least eighty per cent would gladly avail themselves of the chance to lead better lives, and that fifty per cent could be disposed of once for all, to join the ranks of honest, law-abiding wage-workers. This, you might conclude, is impractical in consideration of their hitherto low lives. But therein lies the magic of the great elixir. By regenerating the brain and nerve centers, it elevates the mind and consequently the actions. By the government's adopting the treatment, the army of petty offenders could be reduced to a minimum, the moral atmosphere of the community purified, and the possibilities of crime greatly reduced.

Viewing the matter from another standpoint—from that of political economy—consider the fact that there are in San Francisco, and it is safe to say in every other large city, perennial drunkards, who confess to having spent the greater part of their existence in jails and houses of correction. Had these, or even a part of these, been disposed of in the beginning of their career, the community would have been relieved of their care, and their evil example been removed from the eyes of our youth.

A visit to the penal institutions of California will readily convince the reader that liquor, morphine and kindred drugs have brought a larger percentage of the inmates there than all other causes combined.

The next century will reap the material fruits of the seeds Dr. Keeley and his co-laborers have sown; and as the reformation goes on, the theory of temperance will have been practically solved.

Los Gatos from the Foothills.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

RE-ELECTION OF A PRESIDENT.

THERE is much spoken and written in opposition to giving a president a second term. Two reasons are urged against it. One is that in the distribution of patronage a president makes enemies which impairs his strength as a candidate, and the other is that he may use his power to promote his own nomination against the wishes of the majority of his party, and his election against the wishes of the people. The first point is not as potential as is supposed. It is true that men now and then become disgruntled if they do not get what they want, but the people have no sympathy with them. No man has a right to an office, nor a just claim to one. Every man is presumed to act for the promotion of the public welfare and not his personal interests. Disgruntled office-seekers have never had influence enough to imperil a national election; in fact their opposition generally has the effect to strengthen rather than weaken, for their childishness embarrasses the party to which they give their support. More noise is made by the bosses, who desire to have their machines kept in good running order by the control of patronage. The people have become tired of machine politics and boss rule.

Andrew Jackson adopted the maxim of Governor Marcy that "to the victors belong the spoils" and made use of patronage to advance party interests. Patronage was used with liberality and effect in procuring the nomination and re-nomination of Martin Van Buren, but since then its power has been steadily on the decrease, and no other presidential candidate has been nominated through its influence. Under the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan patronage in the north was unblushingly employed in aid of slavery, but it had the effect to increase anti-slavery sentiment. The very fact that it was so used alarmed the country and since then the people have been jealous and have watched the use of patronage with the greatest vigilance. Undue interference by office-holders is always met with reprobation, and generally with defeat. The law forbids levying assessments upon officials of all grades, and a large number of officers are appointed and maintained in place under the civil service law and regulations. The fact is that public sentiment has almost reached the point of denial of citizen rights to the office-holder. The theory of our institutions is that the people possess all power and consequently the unabridged right to choose persons to the same offices as often or as seldom as they please; and any law or custom which prescribes by other rule implies a distrust of the intelligence, independence or integrity of the people.

Experience in the professions, and in all the affairs of life, is regarded as valuable, and there is good reason why those who have had it should be preferred to those who are inexperienced, and why the principle should not be applied to the public service is not easily comprehended. Constituencies have been best served in Congress and legislatures who have continued to re-elect their representatives so long as they are able to render acceptable service. The very worst governments are those where changes are most frequent, for they lead to fickleness, sedition, revolution and bloody disorders which have so often appeared in Spanish-American countries. Despotism is never so bad as anarchy. There is a wide-spread ambition in this country to hold public office. To pass favors around may oblige aspirants, but it affords no assurance of better manage-

ment of public affairs; on the contrary we have abundant evidence that the reverse is the case. Change merely to oblige the ambitious leads to unseemly scrambles, combinations and not unfrequently to corrupt practices. Change should be made only to produce better results, or when circumstances necessarily require it. John Randolph of Roanoke said, "all change is not reform."

The Constitution in no way indicates a limitation of the power of the people, or that it is unwise to re-elect a president for any number of terms. For reasons largely personal Washington declined to stand for a third term, and Jefferson followed his example. Nobody at that time appears to have regarded it dangerous to re-elect either of them the second time. After Jefferson, the idea of a third term was never suggested to one who was, or had been president except to General Grant, and by that time the limit prescribed by Washington for himself had come to be regarded as the unwritten law of the land. It was asserted in 1880 that if the third term were given to Grant a precedent would be set that would endanger our republican form of government. Such a view is a reflection upon the people. The inference is that they can be induced or forced to submit to a destruction of their liberties by the blandishments or power of a president who succeeds himself for any number of times. That there can be a monarch in this country is inconceivable and a monarchy is impossible.

There has been no case when a president has held for eight years, that his administration during the second term has not been better or as good as during the first term. No president has ever been able to dictate to his successor except Jackson, and no other one has ever attempted it. There is an objection to a third term which does not lie to a second. In all cases, except three, men about fifty years of age have been elected to the presidency, and such is likely to be the rule in all future time. Eight years' service in that responsible and laborious office advances a man well on in age, and towards worn out physical and mental powers. Few presidents have long survived their terms, and the period of survival seems to be decreasing as the labors of the office are increased by the growth of the country. It requires a sturdy constitution to endure the strain upon it. We are in more danger from boss ring and machine rule outside the government than from abuse of patronage within it. Whether a president should be re-elected depends upon how he has administered the government and whether the policy of which he is the exponent meets the views of the people. It is wisest to let the law stand as it is, and leave the people free to regulate their own affairs in their own way.

THE GROWTH OF URBAN POPULATION

THE census of 1890 discloses the fact that increase of population in the cities is in larger percentage than ever before over that of the country. In some cases it seems abnormal. In the State of New York the increase during the preceding census decade was eighteen per cent, while in the City of New York it was twenty-seven, in Brooklyn, forty-two, and in Buffalo sixty-five. Illinois gained twenty-four per cent, but the increase in Chicago was one hundred and eighteen. Ohio's growth was fifteen per cent and that of Cleveland was sixty-three. Maryland's was eleven, and Baltimore's thirty-one. Minneapolis gained two hundred and fifty-one per cent while Minnesota increased but sixty-seven. Nebraska's growth was sixty-seven and that of Omaha was two hundred. Kansas City increased one hundred and thirty-eight per cent and Missouri twenty-four. Growth in Pennsylvania and Philadelphia were about even. New Orleans fell below Louisiana, and San Francisco hardly kept up with California. The increase of population in the country and some of the cities of this state was remarkable. Los Angeles gained almost five hundred per cent and the increase in the six southern counties was about two hundred. In the southern states increase in the cities and country was about the same, but nearly everywhere else the increase in the cities was largely above that in the rural districts. In the nation as a whole the cities outstripped the country by a considerable percentage.

This tendency to concentrate in cities and towns has elicited discussion and is a subject for thoughtful consideration. The natural inquiries are what are the causes, and what will be the consequences? One of the causes

is there is a high degree of material prosperity, and another is that the social instinct prompts people to congregate. Cities are attractive to men ambitious to gain fortunes whether by legitimate or illegitimate means. They also have become industrial as well as trade centers. When merchandise had to be transported in wagons it was a saving of time and money to have manufacturing widely distributed and done in small plants. Railroads are concentrators because they transport large quantities and with speed. Distributions of merchandise is not only speedier but with less cost. This enables manufacturing to be done in large plants and at great centers of trade. Telegraphs and telephones afford facilities for quick communication. New means of transportation and facilities for inter-communication have revolutional conditions. Cities of the same population cover more space than they did fifty years ago, especially is this true of those that have been recently founded. Formerly the shopkeeper, the watchmaker and the tailor lived, did business, and worked under the same roof. Since electricity, the cable and steam have been used in street transportation, business men and artisans have their residences more or less distant from where their work is done. They enjoy the advantages of the city in attending to their affairs and almost those of the country at their residences. In the newer cities residence grounds are larger as a rule and many of them are embellished with flowers and shrubs.

This tendency to concentration in cities will continue until they so outgrow the country that they cannot be supplied with food and clothing at a cost that can be endured. Cities line upon the country and between them a certain equilibrium must be maintained.

During the reign of Augustus there was such a concentration of people in Rome and other cities that agricultural productions were insufficient, and danger of famine alarmed the government. The destruction of the equilibrium between cities and the country have many times resulted in famine, and should there be a succession of stint crops in this country an increase of urban population would be checked, and probably it would turn the other way. Such an event is not liable to happen because our country is so large and climatic conditions and productions are so various.

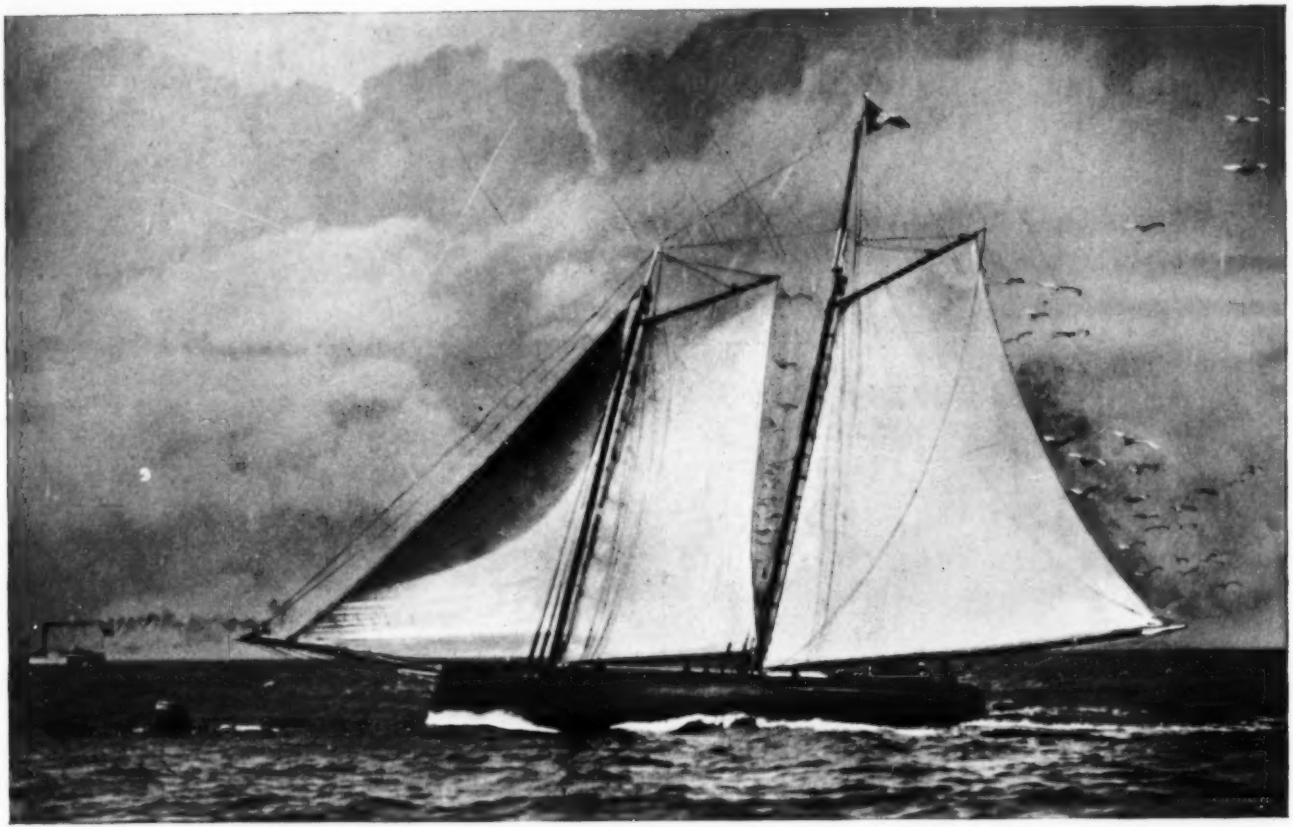
A serious feature is that of government. Cities are turbulent and their governments are always expensive and not unfrequently extravagant and corrupt. They are the homes of bad men as well as rich men, and the former are ever willing and ready to loot the latter. The bad element is greater in the city than in the country and whenever the votes of the cities can control the state, the power of legislatures to regulate municipal governments will be gone. Reliance heretofore has been placed upon legislators from the country to check the extravagance and corruption of city governments.

The moral aspect is still more serious. Cities are the centers of debauchery and immorality. The chief work of reformers and philanthropists has always had to be performed among urban people. It is a natural result that vice and crime should be somewhat proportionate to the magnitude of cities. It may be that our schools, churches and moral institutions will be able to so arrest the growth of vice that there will not be the evil consequences of concentration in cities that good and thoughtful men so much fear.

L. A. S.

THE GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA.

AMONG the articles in the present number, the one on San Francisco by the well-known banker, Richard H. McDonald, Jr., well illustrates the rapid strides which California has made in the past two decades. San Francisco is the most important city west of Chicago. Its possibilities are infinite, and in the future it will become one of the great cities of the world. The opening of the Nicaragua Canal, which must come, will be epoch-making in its effect upon San Francisco as well as the entire Pacific Coast.



ROUNDING THE WINDWARD STAKE BOAT.